AN UNJUST WAR Michael Walzer

THE NEW REPUBLIC

DOES GOVERNMENT VALUE SCIENCE? Daniel J. Kevles

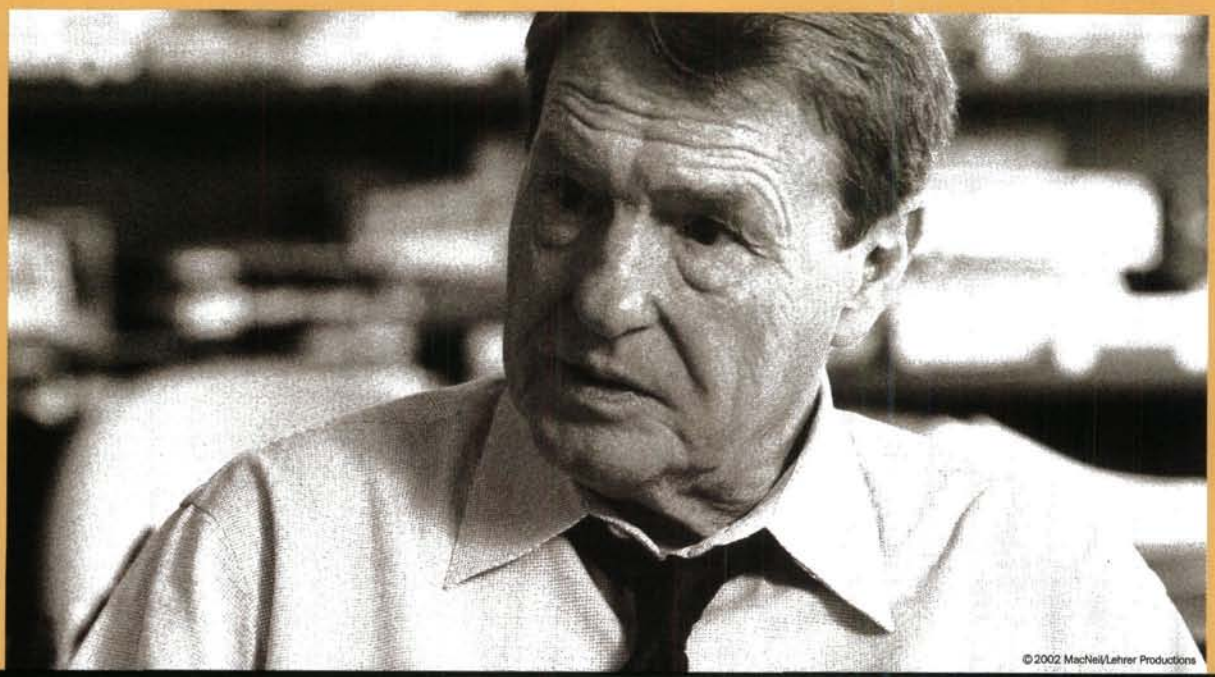
WILL LABOUR DEPOSE BLAIR? Tim Luckhurst

THIS ELECTION'S MOST IMPORTANT DEMOCRAT

By Jason Zengerle

$3.95US $3.95CAN
0 71486 01742 4
SEPTEMBER 30, 2002

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME A NEWS SHOW TUNED YOU IN?

The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer goes farther to connect viewers with the defining issues of our day. Here are the major stories, delivered with depth and clarity. Newsmaker interviews, field reports, panel discussions and more–take viewers beyond the what to the why. Don't just watch the news. Get the news, weeknights on PBS. **THE NEWSHOUR. A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE.**

The NEWS HOUR with Jim Lehrer

ADM protiviti Independent Risk Consulting SBC

TONIGHT ON PBS. CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS.

PBS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts

WASHINGTON, D.C.
SEPTEMBER 30, 2002
ISSUE 4,576

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
MARTIN PERETZ

EDITOR
PETER BEINART
Literary Editor LEON WIESELTIER
Executive Editor CHRISTOPHER ORR
Senior Editors
JONATHAN CHAIT, JONATHAN COHN, MICHELLE COTTLE, GREGG EASTERBROOK, JOHN B. JUDIS, LAWRENCE F. KAPLAN, ANDREW SULLIVAN, JAMES WOOD
Legal Affairs JEFFREY ROSEN
Managing Editor SARAH BLUSTAIN
Assistant Managing Editor SACHA ZIMMERMAN
Films: STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater: ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Poetry: GLYN MAXWELL
Art: JED PERL
Architecture: MARTIN FILLER
Dance: JENNIFER HOMANS
The New Republic Online
Assistant Editor CHRISTIANE CULHANE
Director of Business Operations ARI GERSEN
New Republic Books (BASIC BOOKS)
VANESSA MOBLEY
Contributing Editors
FOUAD AJAMI, AKHIL REED AMAR, PETER BERKOWITZ, PAUL BERMAN, JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN, NATHAN GLAZER, ANTHONY GRAFTON, DAVID GRANN, YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI, ANN HULBERT, TONY JUDT, ROBERT KAGAN, MICHAEL KINSLEY, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, JEREMY MCCARTER, JOHN MCWHORTER, SHERWIN B. NULAND, DAVID RIEFF, MAGGIE SCARF, LEE SIEGEL, RONALD STEEL, CASS R. SUNSTEIN, MARGARET TALBOT, E.V. THAW, HELEN VENDLER MICHAEL WALZER, SEAN WILENTZ, ALAN WOLFE, ROBERT WRIGHT
Contributing Artists
JACK COUGHLIN, VINT LAWRENCE, DAVID SCHORR, TOM TOLES
Associate Editors
MICHAEL CROWLEY, FRANKLIN FOER, RYAN LIZZA, JASON ZENGERLE
Associate Literary Editor RUTH FRANKLIN
Art Direction JOE HEROUN, CHRISTINE CAR/H2C
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Production and Information-Technology Director
BRUCE STEINKE
Production Manager HENRY RIGGS
Assistant Editors
NOAM SCHEIBER, SARAH WILDMAN
Assistant to the Editor ALISON HORNSTEIN
Assistant Literary Editor ERIN LEIB
Assistant Poetry Editor MELANIE REHAK
Reporter-Researchers
SPENCER ACKERMAN, HUDSON MORGAN

PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER
STEPHANIE SANDBERG
General Manager ANNETTE POCICA
Consumer Marketing Director PETER GLOVIN

ADVERTISING SALES AND MARKETING
Associate Publisher RICHARD PARKER
Director of Advertising, West
JOAN STAPLETON TOOLEY
Sales Associate JULIE STURMAK
Sales Consultant DAVID NUDO
Associate Advertising Manager MEREDITH COSSA
Marketing Assistant ETHAN FISCHER
Business Assistant SAMANTHA SPINNEY

FINANCE AND ADMINISTRATION
Accounting Manager RITA CHERKASSKIY
Accounting Assistant VANESSA WILSON
Business Assistant MANDY HANSEN

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
Chairman ROGER HERTOG
MARTIN PERETZ
MICHAEL STEINHARDT

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Why no one knows the truth about vouchers, &c.

6 **PETER BEINART** TRB: MISSPEAK Let's stop pretending this war is about the U.N.

7 **THE EDITORS** PENNY WISE Mitch Daniels v. rebuilding Afghanistan.

8 **NOTEBOOK** Saddam's fake offer, *U.S. News*' accidental plagiarist, &c.

10 **RYAN LIZZA** WHITE HOUSE WATCH: TWO TONE Bushies v. Bushies at the U.N.

12 **TIM LUCKHURST** LONDON DISPATCH: OVER AND OUT Could war bring down Blair?

14 **CHRIS NOLAN** SAN FRANCISCO DISPATCH: SECOND CITY The Bay Area moves right.

18 **YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI** JERUSALEM DISPATCH: HIT LIST Israel's real fear: Iran.

19 **MICHAEL WALZER** No STRIKES The case for inspections and against "preemptive" war.

22 **JASON ZENGERLE** FALL GUY A few months ago Bill McBride was a political unknown running 30 points behind Janet Reno in the race to take on Jeb Bush. Today he's the most important Democratic nominee in the United States.

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: ATTEMPTS TO ASTONISH Godard's *In Praise of Love* is typically unconventional; *Children of the Century* proves the French can be trite too.

27 **DANIEL J. KEVLES** PASSING THE BUCK *Scientists, Business, and the State, 1890–1960* by Patrick J. McGrath; *Science, Money, and Politics: Political Triumph and Ethical Erosion* by Daniel S. Greenberg

33 **ANDREW DELBANCO** THE GREAT WHITE MALE *Herman Melville: A Biography, Volume 2, 1851–1891* by Hershel Parker

37 **INGRID D. ROWLAND** GOING FOR BAROQUE The tumultuous life and work of Artemisia Gentileschi.

40 **ERIC McHENRY** POEM *Rebuilding Year*

42 **ERIN LEIB** JERUSALEM DIARIST: NORMAL

On the Cover : Illustration by CHARLIE POWELL
On the Web : www.thenewrepublic.com

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 227, Number 14, Issue 4,576, September 30, 2002. (Printed in the United States on September 18, 2002.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated March 4 & 11, April 1 & 8, July 8 & 15, August 5 & 12, August 19 & 26, September 9 & 16, December 2 & 9, and December 30, 2002 & January 6, 2003) at 1331 H Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005. Telephone (202) 508-4444. For advertising inquiries, please contact Meredith Cossa at (202) 508-4444 or our NY sales office at (212) 465-8447. Yearly subscriptions, $59.94; foreign, $99.94 (U.S. funds); Canada, $79.94 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $8.00 domestic and $10.00 foreign/Canada (includes postage & handling). **© 2002 by The New Republic, LLC.** **(ISSN 0028-6583). Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 628-9383. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, CD-ROM, issue, and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Postmaster: Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 37298, Boone, IA 50037-0298. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (e-mail address: tnr@aol.com). For subscription inquiries or problems call 1-800-827-1289 or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.**

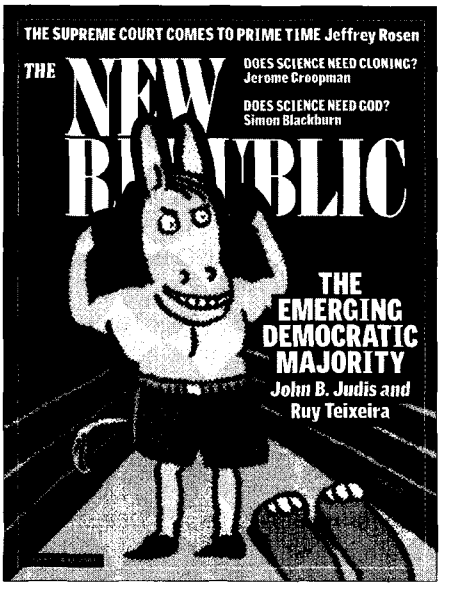
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

School supplies

TO THE EDITORS:

On paper at least, Peter Beinart makes a strong argument for an empirical study to determine once and for all if vouchers improve student achievement ("Test Case," July 29). What he doesn't understand, however, is that in the real world the "grand experiment" he proposes won't settle the matter. Even the best social scientists don't always agree on the score-based inferences they make about a student's status. Evidence is always subject to interpretation, even when it is gathered under controlled conditions. The clash of opinions between the Hoover Institution and FairTest, for example, over the use of standardized test scores to measure instructional effectiveness in public schools, illustrates how difficult it is to arrive at an agreement when stakes are high. Both groups are composed of eminent scholars, and yet they don't see eye to eye on issues of critical importance to the nation's schools. Why will things be any different when a blue-ribbon panel is convened, as Beinart suggests?

WALT GARDNER
Los Angeles, California


THE SUPREME COURT COMES TO PRIME TIME Jeffrey Rosen
THE
DOES SCIENCE NEED CLONING? Jerome Groopman
DOES SCIENCE NEED GOD? Simon Blackburn
THE EMERGING DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY
John B. Judis and Ruy Teixeira

TO THE EDITORS:

Anti-voucher forces in Wisconsin have blocked the kind of "grand experiment" to evaluate school choice that Beinart proposes. Two years ago a coalition of Milwaukee employers, elected officials, educators, and community activists proposed a longitudinal study of the Milwaukee Parental Choice Program, the nation's oldest voucher plan for low-income families. The group proposed that voucher supporters and opponents jointly finance the study. Further, it recommended independent oversight from Wisconsin's nonpartisan Legislative Audit Bureau. As documented by *Milwaukee Magazine* and the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, the Wisconsin Assembly approved the idea, but teachers' unions convinced anti-voucher allies in the Wisconsin Legislature to kill the plan.

Beinart might be right to suggest that some choice skeptics are open-minded enough to consider real evidence. That's immaterial as long as teachers' unions are driving the debate. Their interest is in distorting the facts, not in clarifying them.

GEORGE A. MITCHELL
Administrator
Fund for Choices in Education
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

TO THE EDITORS:

Beinart's TRB on school vouchers overlooks several important considerations. The overwhelming majority of nonpublic schools are pervasively sectarian institutions that practice forms of selectivity in hiring, admissions, and curricula that would be intolerable in public schools. Vouchers would inevitably fragment school populations along religious, ethnic, class, ideological, and other lines. We do not need another Northern Ireland.

While the Supreme Court held in June that vouchers do not violate the First Amendment, they still violate at least 37 state constitutions. Voters from coast to coast from all sectors of the population have rejected vouchers or their analogues by an aggregate average of two to one in 25 state referenda.

Regardless of what the Supreme Court's bare majority (the same justices who elected George W. Bush) has held, vouchers still violate the right of citizens not to be compelled by government to support religious institutions.

EDD DOERR
President
Americans for Religious Liberty
Washington, D.C.

Words of war

TO THE EDITORS:

In his review of *Six Days of War*, Tony Judt offers many words of praise—"gripping," "great learning," "vivid writing"—and others of reservation, but his purpose seems less to assess the important issues raised by my book than to mount an extended critique of Israel and its policies

Pulliam
2003
GANNETT
The Pulliam Journalism Fellowship

Jump-start your newspaper journalism career with a solid program that boasts four Pulitzer Prize winners among its alumni — the Pulliam Journalism Fellowship. The Fellowship offers myriad career opportunities; in fact, a Pulliam Fellow from our first class of 1974, Barbara Henry, now serves as president and publisher of *The Indianapolis Star*.

Now entering its 30th year, the 2003 Pulliam Journalism Fellowship helps build a bridge from the classroom to the newsroom. Fellows are assigned to *The Indianapolis Star* or *The Arizona Republic* in Phoenix for 10 weeks each summer as staff reporters. We award 20 Fellowships annually. The stipend is $6,300.

Traditionally, our Fellowships have been open only to graduating college seniors. In 2001, we expanded eligibility to include college sophomores and juniors as well as seniors pursuing a career in newspaper journalism. We will be accepting applications for our Summer 2003 program as of September 2002.

Visit our Web site at http://www.indystar.com/pjf or e-mail Fellowship director Russell B. Pulliam at russell.pulliam@indystar.com for an application packet. You also may request a packet by writing:

Russell B. Pulliam, Director
The Pulliam Journalism Fellowship
P.O. Box 145
Indianapolis, IN 46206-0145

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

("After Victory," July 29). In doing so, Judt displays an ignorance of the fundamental facts of Israeli and Middle Eastern history that should disqualify him as a serious commentator on the subjects.

Judt's premise is informed—or rather misinformed—by his experiences as a foreign volunteer on a kibbutz in the 1960s. Thus, he tells us that most of Israel's leaders of the period were kibbutz members and veterans of the Second Aliya (1904–1914). The first claim is demonstrably untrue; the second would have come as news to the Israeli-born Moshe Dayan and Yitzhak Rabin, and to Shimon Peres, who immigrated in 1934. While Judt's description of Labor Zionist leaders endlessly debating the "doctrinal schisms" of their "fissiparous European heritage" may have applied to the early years of the state, for the overwhelming majority of Israelis in the mid-'60s such issues were utterly irrelevant. David Ben-Gurion's 1965 defection from Labor, along with Dayan's and Peres's, was spurred by political and juridical considerations alone and had nothing to do with ideology.

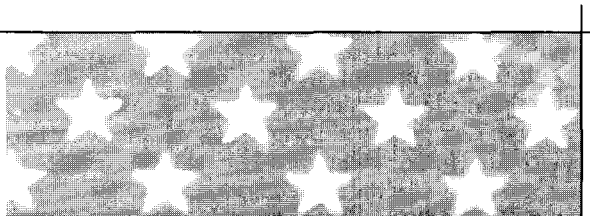
Judt wants to prove that the Six Day War, by stoking Arab anti-Semitism, forced thousands of Jews to flee Egypt, Iraq, Syria, and Libya, tipping Israel's demographic balance and making the election of the Greater Israel candidate Menachem Begin "inexorable." The persecution of Jews in Arab countries had of course started decades before 1967 and had long been unbearable. Judt's reference to the "mutual contempt" between Arabs and Jews in Islamic countries is akin to talking of "mutual contempt" between whites and blacks in apartheid South Africa. In fact, the bulk of Iraqi and Egyptian Jewry had already immigrated to Israel in the 1950s; and Syria, after 1967, prevented its Jews from leaving. Well before the war, the majority of Israelis were Sephardic, and they continued to vote for Labor for a full ten years after the war, when social and economic interests—not support for the settlements—attracted them to Begin.

Judt accuses the Israelis of the '60s of conveniently overlooking the Arabs. Again, this may have been true of the kibbutzniks he shadowed in the communal dining hall, but for vast numbers of Israelis—refugees from Islamic countries, soldiers, politicians, residents of border settlements—the awareness of the Arab world and the mortal threats it posed were acute. Indeed, if anyone is guilty of ignoring the Arabs it is Judt himself. While he mentions Israel's decision on June 19, 1967, to return all of the Sinai and the Golan Heights in exchange for peace with Egypt and Syria, he omits the Arab response to that proposal, proclaimed at Khartoum—"no recognition, no negotiations, no peace." Judt similarly forgets Israel's initiative to create a Palestinian autonomous entity in the West Bank in 1967 and the refusal of West Bank leaders to support it for fear of Arab reprisals. The vast majority of Israeli settlements in the territories were not, as Judt implies, built immediately after the Six Day War but well over a decade later, by which time Israel's repeated offers to trade at least part of them for peace had been consistently rejected.

Judt's tendentious view of Israel's history is further studded with inaccuracies. If the Armistice Agreements—signed in 1949 and not, as Judt has it, 1948—were regarded as "temporary" by both sides, it was only because Israel viewed them as a basis for permanent peace and the Arabs

continued on page 41

Operation TIPS



VIGILANT NEIGHBORS

OR

BIG BROTHER'S INFORMANTS?

The government has announced the creation of the TIPS program, a national system for concerned Americans to report to law enforcement officials suspicious activity that could be related to terrorism.

PRO

Terrorism threatens our way of life and must be stopped. Operation TIPS provides an essential way for American workers in appropriate industries, such as truckers and others involved in transportation, to assist overburdened law enforcement agencies in detecting, preventing, and disrupting terrorist activity. This is a voluntary program, involving the reporting of only publicly observable activities that would supplement block/neighborhood watch programs, which have been in place for many years without abuse or opposition. A national system for receiving tips on possible terrorists would allow law enforcement officials to "connect the dots" and take quick and appropriate action on potentially terrorist-related incidents that are occurring simultaneously.

CON

Operation TIPS would create a community of snoops like those in Iron Curtain countries during the Cold War, with little gain for our safety. Basic civil liberties will be undermined by creating a national database of unreliable reports and allegations accessible by a variety of government agencies. Since Government officials admit that most tips will wash out, why needlessly invade the privacy of law-abiding citizens and divert attention from potentially more productive investigations? Officials admit that many terrorist activities are indistinguishable from everyday, lawful activities. Therefore, the TIPS program may simply result in fostering ethnic or religious scapegoating and nothing more.

There are at least two sides to every issue. Our democracy is built on the rule of law. We resolve differences of opinion through dialogue and debate. Disagreement is inevitable. Violence is not.

American Bar Association

ABA Defending Liberty Pursuing Justice

www.ABA-Dialogue.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Misspeak

PRESIDENT BUSH'S SPEECH TO the United Nations last week received rave reviews. By casting Iraqi defiance as a threat to the credibility of the U.N. and casting himself as a muscular multilateralist, Bush supposedly outmaneuvered his European critics. And since the Democrats' primary objection to the war had been the opposition of America's allies, European acquiescence pulled the rug out from under the president's domestic opposition as well. Saddam Hussein himself implicitly recognized Bush's diplomatic coup this week when he reversed course and agreed to weapons inspections. Not bad for one 25-minute speech.

Not bad—except that Bush's speech was fundamentally dishonest. Before he took the podium on Thursday morning, the United States had one rationale for war with Iraq: to prevent Saddam from gaining the nuclear capacity that could threaten the world. By the time Bush stepped off the podium, the United States had another: to make the United Nations relevant. It is this second, multilateralist rationale that has won President Bush newfound goodwill among European leaders who don't particularly fear Saddam but who love the U.N. That goodwill, however, rests on a fiction. The Bush administration is not going to war to empower the U.N., a body that until last week it treated with scarcely concealed disdain. The gap between Bush's speech and the reality of American policy will come back to haunt this administration sooner or later. And the bogus war rationale Bush has ginned up for the world is already undermining the clarity of his case at home.

In his speech on Thursday, Bush declared, "We want the United Nations to be effective and respected and successful. We want the resolutions of the world's most important multilateral body to be enforced." But this is nonsense. While the Bush administration wants enforcement of U.N. resolutions on Iraq, it has no broader interest in an "effective and respected" United Nations. In fact, the Bush administration has spent the last 20 months making sure the U.N. is *ineffective*. The administration has downgraded the job of ambassador to the U.N. from the Cabinet status it enjoyed under President Clinton and didn't have its appointee in place for a whopping nine months. It hasn't fully paid America's long-outstanding U.N. dues. It has fought bitterly against the U.N.'s big, new multilateral body, the International Criminal Court. This month it snubbed the U.N.'s conference on sustainable development—attended by virtually every prominent world leader *except* Bush. And at every turn it has blocked the body's efforts to mediate the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, vetoing two Security Council resolutions that would have expanded U.N. involvement in the crisis.

Some of these U.N.-undermining decisions make sense and some don't. But it isn't hard to see the problem the administration is creating by loudly committing itself to the U.N.'s empowerment over Iraq. President Bush's rhetoric will surely be repeated back to the United States the next time the U.N. wants to intervene aggressively against Israel or the next time the Bush administration scuttles a U.N.-sponsored treaty. In fact, Bush's rhetoric could even catch up to the United States on Iraq itself. If America can't get Security Council backing for war against Saddam and attacks over the U.N.'s objections, it will be the United States that is accused of making the U.N. irrelevant—a charge that will carry far more weight in the wake of Bush's speech. At a time when the United States is already considered hypocritical by much of the world, Bush's speech just exacerbates the problem.

But the bigger problem with Bush's speech isn't that he embraced a false rationale for war, it's that he obscured the real one. By suggesting that America's causus belli is Saddam's violations of U.N. resolutions, Bush raised a number of previously ignored—and entirely unconvincing—pretexts for war. He demanded that Saddam release the "Kuwaiti, Saudi, Indian, Syrian, Lebanese, Iranian, Egyptian, Bahraini, and Omani nationals [who] remain unaccounted for" from the Gulf war. He demanded that Iraq "cease persecution of its civilian population, including Shia, Sunnis, Kurds, Turkomans, and others." And he demanded that Iraq "immediately end all illicit trade outside the oil-for-food program ... to ensure that the money is used fairly and promptly for the benefit of the Iraqi people." When Saddam seemingly capitulated on weapons inspections this week, the Bush administration said it wasn't good enough because he hasn't fulfilled these other demands.

The Bush team may think itself shrewd for having raised these other issues and thus given itself an excuse to deride Saddam's inspections offer. But focusing on peripheral issues is not shrewd at all. As much as the Turkmen deserve not to be persecuted, as much as Oman deserves a full accounting of its Gulf war prisoners, and as much as it galls us to see Saddam spending his oil revenue on palaces, these are not the reasons we are going to war. The president's defenders will note that Bush was tailoring his message to his U.N. audience. But that is precisely the problem. If the Bush administration appears to select from an array of justifications for war depending on the audience, it will breed cynicism about its motives. And it will lead Americans to suspect that the real rationale for war—Saddam's potential nuclear capacity—is just as trivial as all the others.

Instead of cooking up new and disingenuous reasons for attacking Saddam, the Bush administration needs to refocus on the primary one. That means explaining why Saddam's "unconditional" weapons inspections offer is a fraud—rather than suggesting that weapons inspections don't matter because the real issue is Kuwaiti prisoners of war. It means laying out in more detail what we know about Saddam's efforts to obtain nuclear material.

Above all, it means clearly confronting the most serious critique of the administration's preemption doctrine: that Saddam can be deterred. The Bush administration has not adequately explained that Saddam is prone to recklessly underestimating America's resolve—which is part of the reason he wasn't deterred from invading Kuwait. And it hasn't adequately explained that while deterrence "worked" vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, there's no guarantee it would have continued to work had the USSR endured for another 50 years. (Even during the cold war, after all, there were some very close calls.) The United States relied on deterrence against the Soviet Union not because deterrence was foolproof but because we had no other choice: We could never have preemptively attacked the USSR; the costs would simply have been too great. But the United States *can* preemptively attack Iraq. Deterrence is no longer our only option, and it isn't our safest one.

This—not the honor of the U.N. and not the minutiae of its resolutions—is the reason to go to war against Iraq. And the sooner the Bush administration gets back to it the better.

PETER BEINART

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Penny Wise

FOR MORE THAN a year now President Bush has insisted that, when it comes to his fiscal agenda, the war on terror takes precedence over all other concerns. Speaking in Iowa this week, he declared, "Our most important priority, when it comes to budgeting and time and effort, is to protect innocent life here in America." The president did, however, take the opportunity to warn sternly against profligacy. "If you overspend," scolded Bush, "it creates a fundamental weakness in the foundation of economic growth."

If forced to choose between safeguarding the world from mass murder and keeping the budget out of chronic deficit, we would of course select the former. But it would be possible for Bush to do both—were he willing to forego his other priorities, such as tax cuts and farm subsidies. Unfortunately, Bush is not willing to sacrifice the buying off of either rural voters or well-heeled donors. And so, perversely, he has become a fiscal conservative in precisely those areas where fiscal conservatism is least appropriate. In the name of frugality, he has recently declined to endorse—or has opposed outright—spending on programs that would bolster security at nuclear plants, beef up radiation detectors at ports and border crossings, and safeguard scientists and loose nuclear material abroad. This, while he shovels $180 billion into agribusiness and proposes new upper-bracket tax cuts on top of the $1.6 trillion he has already introduced for the next 10 years.

The latest victim of Bush's intermittent stinginess is the rebuilding of Afghanistan. When Afghan President Hamid Karzai came to New York last week, Bush presented him with what looked like a handsome trophy: The United States would contribute $80 million toward construction of a new 600-mile road linking Kabul to Herat, basic infrastructure that would help create the first semblance of a functioning Afghan economy. "Our commitment to a stable and free and peaceful Afghanistan is a long-term commitment," Bush promised.

As a practical matter (not to mention a moral one) it makes sense for the United States to leave Afghanistan a demonstrably better place than we found it. The rest of the world will more easily accept American military intervention elsewhere if they believe it will be followed by humanitarian intervention. And if Afghanistan collapses into anarchy, it may once again become a haven for terrorism. This danger is more than theoretical. Two million refugees have returned from Pakistan and Iran since the Taliban's fall—1.2 million more than the U.N. had initially predicted. NGOs alone can't care for the new arrivals. And earlier this month extremists came within inches of assassinating Karzai. The Afghan president's life—and the future of his multiethnic, liberal, non-terrorist government—depends in no small measure on the fulfillment of American promises of aid.

And yet that aid has not arrived. The Bush administration has thus far provided less than 2 percent of the $15 billion that the U.S. government itself estimates Afghanistan will need over the next decade. After budgeting $250 million for the reconstruction of Afghanistan in 2002, the White House is already tightening the purse strings, asking for just $98 million for 2003. Indeed, if Karzai picked up *The Wall Street Journal* or *The Washington Post* the week after his visit, he would have learned that the additional $80 million Bush had promised him for the Kabul-Herat road was not, in fact, budgeted: The Office of Management and Budget (OMB) had refused to free up funding, instead insisting that the State Department dig into already committed "disaster-aid funds" to find $20 million dollars for the road. (Budget experts will note that $20 million is less than $80 million.) And where had this $20 million been previously committed? To Afghan village-development projects, women's centers, and assistance for the Kabul finance ministry. So, in the singular logic of OMB chief Mitch Daniels, in order to reconstruct Afghanistan the U.S. government would have to cut funding for the reconstruction of Afghanistan.

It's hard to say which is more depressing: Bush's Afghanistan policy itself or the fact that the policy is being driven by bean-counter Daniels. Daniels's primary role in the administration is to pick fights with Congress over small spending programs in order to create the impression that the budget deficit results from Democratic spendthrifts rather than Bush's tax cut. By allowing him to hold sway over spending on homeland security and the rebuilding of Afghanistan, Bush is essentially choosing tax cuts over national security. The president speaks the words of a man transformed by the war on terrorism, but his budgetary priorities remain utterly—dangerously—unchanged. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

INSPECT THIS: If you have read the paper or watched a news program in the past few days, chances are you have heard Iraq's letter offering to readmit weapons inspectors described as a promise of "unfettered" or "unconditional" inspections. Would that it were so. What the letter actually says is that Saddam Hussein will "allow the return" of the inspectors without conditions, not that he will allow the *discharge of their mission*—as Security Council resolution after Security Council resolution demands—to occur without conditions. One careful reader thoroughly unimpressed with the offer is Richard Butler, who from 1997 to 1999 headed the United Nations Special Commission on Iraq (UNSCOM), the first body empowered to conduct inspections. In *The Advertiser*, an Australian newspaper, Butler wrote: "What does unconditional mean—they'll let [the inspectors'] plane land at the airport, they won't require them to have visas? Big deal—it's what happens after they land which counts. No guarantees there." Actually, there is one guarantee: Any inspections that do take place as a result of this offer will take place under the terms of the 1999 U.N. document creating a post-UNSCOM inspection body—and as such they will be anything but unfettered. Security Council Resolution 1284 created the United Nations Monitoring, Verification, and Inspection Commission (UNMOVIC) in acknowledgment of "the progress made by Iraq towards compliance." (This pat on the back for "compliance" came just one year after Iraqi intransigence led to U.S. and British aerial bombing.) As a reward for Saddam's ongoing intractability, the Security Council required UNMOVIC as well as the nuclear inspectors—the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA)—to work under much greater constraints than UNSCOM. Inspectors would have a grand total of 60 days operating on the ground before "draw[ing] up, for approval by the Council, a work program for the discharge of their mandates, which will include ... the key remaining disarmament tasks." *Two months* to determine all of the facilities in Iraq that would require inspection. Moreover, before beginning the inspections in earnest, "what is required of Iraq for the implementation of each task shall be clearly defined and precise." And, if and when UNMOVIC and IAEA report to the Security Council that Saddam has complied with their constrained inspections, the Council will "suspend ... for a period of 120 days renewable by the Council ... prohibitions against the import of commodities and products originating in Iraq, and prohibitions against the sale, supply and delivery to Iraq of civilian commodities." Four months to buy, say, aluminum tubes that could be used to enrich uranium. Unlike a great many U.S. commentators, Saddam has given Resolution 1284 a close read. And that's exactly why he's so keen to abide by it.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF: Pulitzer Prize–winning author Joseph Ellis returned quietly to Mount Holyoke College this September after a one-year suspension for misleading his students about his service in Vietnam. While Ellis was away from the world of academia, his book *Founding Brothers* was holding its own on *The New York Times*' best-seller list—where it has spent a total of 75 weeks in both hardcover and paperback. But if Ellis's work has continued to attract the reading public, it has apparently been forgotten by the editors of *U.S. News & World Report*. A few months ago the weekly newsmagazine published a special newsstand issue on "American Leadership" that included an article titled "The First Democrats" by columnist and editor of *The Almanac of American Politics* Michael Barone. The problem? Barone didn't write the piece. New York writer Melissa Thomas discovered that "The First Democrats"—an essay on the collaboration between Thomas Jefferson and John Adams and the evolution of the two-party system—had borrowed not only the theme but a number of exact phrases from *Founding Brothers*, and, fearing the worst, she called Barone. Barone said that not only did he know nothing about the lifted passages, he was unaware of the article altogether. "You'll have to call the editors," he offered, adding that he believed Ellis had done some work for the magazine a few years previously. And indeed he had. A quick search of the *U.S. News* website produced a story from the August 21, 2000, issue also titled "The First Democrats" and virtually identical to this summer's offering—except that this time the byline was Ellis's. So why was Barone's byline on Ellis's work? "We made a mistake," explained *U.S. News* editor Brian Duffy. "The piece should have carried Ellis's byline." (Ellis will be getting credit for the piece on the *U.S. News* website.) Coming up soon in *U.S. News*: "Undaunted Courage" by David Gergen.

TURKEY LEFTOVERS: Everyone knows that Turkey will be a primary launching pad for any American military action against Iraq. And everyone knows that this will create difficulties for the pro-Western government headed by Prime Minister Bulent Ecevit: Islamists will take to the streets and violently decry cooperation with the Great Satan; Turkey's economy, in the line of fire, will take yet another hard hit. So the Bush administration has wisely tried to preempt these problems. This fall, according to Hill sources, it plans to lobby hard for legislation that would cut Turkey a few free-trade breaks. "We want to help promote Turkey's economic growth," Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz declared in Istanbul last July. Under the administration's plan, Turkey would get to send to the United States duty-free any goods that it manufactures jointly with Israel. There was a sound precedent for this plan: In 1997 the Clinton administration granted Jordan similar privileges, called the Qualifying Industrial Zones (QIZ) program, creating about 25,000 Jordanian jobs in three years. Unfortunately, the Turkish legislation is not quite identical. Unlike the Jordanian QIZ, Turkey will receive no duty-free exemption for clothing, shoes, or fabrics—which combined make up more than 40 percent of the goods Turkey sends to the United States annually. As the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Progressive Policy Institute's Edward Gresser pointed out last week in an analysis of the proposal, this is a huge flaw: "These are industries in which investment can move fast, putting plants on line and creating jobs rapidly." It's not hard to guess the reason for the administration's glaring omission: Forced to choose between supporting allies in the war on terror and pandering to the Carolina textile industry, the administration has consistently preferred the latter. This is why last winter the Bush administration refused to give the Pakistani textile industry promised tariff relief in its hour of need (see "Fabric Softener," by Franklin Foer, March 4). Alas, the administration isn't overriding foreign policy goals to protect a robust, growing sector of the economy. The lumbering, pricey American textile industry has no hope of competing in a global market; most of its protections will be dissolved in three years as a result of the 1994 Uruguay Round of GATT. In other words, it's a dying industry. Let's hope it doesn't take Turkey's democratic government down with it.

GOP FAMILY VALUES: When President Bush signed the USA Patriot Act last October, he enacted into law a provision guaranteeing a year of temporary citizenship to the families of legal aliens killed in last year's terrorist attacks. Because citizens with dependent visas (i.e., children and spouses) are ordinarily in danger of deportation if their primary visa holder dies, the temporary-citizenship clause was met with profound relief among its beneficiaries, of whom there are as many as 800. In an effort to create a more enduring solution, New Jersey Senators Jon Corzine and Bob Torricelli introduced a bill in December that would have granted permanent citizenship to the family members of legal aliens killed in the September 11 attacks. When it went nowhere, Corzine and Torricelli proposed another bill in August that would merely extend the original USA Patriot citizenship clause by one full year. Sadly, the bill is still mired in the Senate Judiciary Committee, and the legal status of hundreds of family members of legal aliens has now officially lapsed. The reason for the bill's demise? Political payback. Still irate about the committee's party-line rejection of Republican judicial nominee Priscilla Owen, various GOP senators lodged an anonymous block to Corzine and Torricelli's bill, with the result that hundreds of aliens who suffered from the September 11 attacks now hang in legal limbo. Even if the government has no current plans to deport them, many of these family members will likely decline to file for their shares of the Victims' Compensation Fund—to which they are explicitly entitled—for fear of INS reprisal. The Judiciary Committee could have given the bereaved families compensation for their losses and a chance at citizenship; instead, the GOP has held them hostage to an unrelated partisan grudge. It's a wonder they wish to stay here at all. ■

INSIDE THE BOX | Bruce Reed

IRAQ Baghdad invites inspectors to come and stay awhile. Saddam to world: "I have not yet begun to crawfish."

EMPIRE STATE N.Y. tycoon Golisano shatters Bloomberg record by spending $2,500 per vote for third-party nod against Pataki. Nothing says "I hate you" like $100 million in attack ads.

ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH Jeb Bush blows cakewalk thanks to another election nightmare and ads that nominate opponent he was attacking. If he keeps this up until November, they might actually have to count the ballots.

MASS. APPEAL O'Brien beats Reich and company in Massachusetts Democratic primary. "Don't give up, Bob—you can win it in the memoir!"

STEEL MAGNOLIAS North Carolina settles on beauty queen, and Elizabeth Dole isn't it. Reason: Miss North Carolina has to have a platform.

WAR IS HELL Condé Nast, Sally Quinn say war on terror halts Washington social scene. Terrorists destroy secret government—go to Code Merlot!

RUSH WEEK Cheney comes out of hiding to appear on Rush Limbaugh's show. Line of succession never in doubt: If anything should happen to the president, the right wing will still be in charge.

BEAM ME UP Expelled Representative Traficant launches reelection campaign from jail. Eight years at Allenwood: Who says term limits don't work?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White House Watch

Two Tone

By Ryan Lizza

Before any major policy rollout, the White House always prepares its briefers and its political allies with lists of potential questions from the press and suggested answers. For Bush's big speech to the United Nations General Assembly (UNGA) last week, the White House produced a three-page document titled "UNGA speech Q & A." It offers a White House-approved rebuttal to many of the most obvious questions raised by the speech. For example, if a cynical correspondent inquired, "Earlier reports were that the president would not seek a new [U.N.] resolution. Why the change?" the document instructed the administration to respond: "In fact, the president has never ruled out seeking a new resolution." If a reporter wanted to know, "Which Al Qaida figures are known to be in Iraq? Where are they?" the sheet suggested answering, "We know there are Al Qaida figures in Iraq. I cannot be more specific than that."

Then there is this eye-popping question in the middle of page two: "In the speech, the President says 'before my nation takes military action against Iraq. ...' [D]oes that mean he's made up his mind to take military action against Iraq?" Come again? George W. Bush hinted, winked, and nodded that he may resort to force in Iraq, but the phrase cited in the Q & A sheet did not appear in the final draft of Bush's speech, and the president never uttered it. The White House refused a request to comment on this discrepancy, but it hardly seems a leap of logic to assume that the explicit threat of military action made it into such late versions of Bush's speech that White House communications staffers were already preparing and distributing a detailed response to questions about the line. In other words, the war between Secretary of State Colin Powell and the hawks seems to have continued right up until the moment Bush delivered his speech.

Last week's intra-administration intrigue in Turtle Bay didn't stop there. On Friday, Powell was strutting around the United Nations, clearly relishing his role as draftsman of Bush's Iraq plan. His aides passed out a stack of documents summarizing quotes from pundits and politicians around the world praising the administration's new multilateral approach. Yet even before Powell's diplomatic offensive was undercut by Saddam Hussein's inspections gambit, a more familiar adversary seemed to be challenging him: Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld. As first reported in a little-noticed dispatch by UPI's Eli Lake on September 14, while Powell moved confidently between bilateral meetings with Security Council members, pressing them to adopt a new, stronger U.N. resolution on Iraq—the cornerstone of Powell's plan—Rumsfeld was telling the Muslim world that he wasn't sure another resolution was necessary at all. In an interview with America's new Arabic-language station, Radio Sawa, which broadcasts into Iraq and much of the Middle East, Rumsfeld was asked if the United States wanted a new Security Council resolution on weapons inspections. "Well, I don't know that we do or don't," he replied.

It didn't help that the day before, Bush had reportedly mangled a line in his U.N. speech and referred to "resolutions" rather than "resolution," a point noted by backers of a French proposal the administration is now fighting that calls for two separate resolutions, one pertaining to the return of inspectors and a second dealing with any consequences should Saddam thwart those inspectors. Rumsfeld's call for no resolutions and Bush's call for multiple ones didn't make Powell's work any easier. But the secretary betrayed no sense of being undermined by his administration colleagues as he strode confidently up to the cameras and microphones to brief the press at the end of the day last Friday. After a year of quietly lobbying the president for a multilateral approach, Powell stood in the temple of international law explaining all the progress he had made moving U.N. delegates toward the U.S. position. He finally seemed to have beaten back the hawks in the Pentagon and in the vice president's office. That's when a blustery newspaperman, standing on a ledge above the media scrum, shouted a question: Did Powell know that the Associated Press had been reporting (erroneously, as it turned out) that Vice President Dick Cheney was on his way to the United Nations next week to take over the lobbying? The color seemed to drain from the secretary's face as he haltingly explained that he had no idea whether that was true. "I've been quite busy all day, and I haven't spoken to the vice president," Powell said. He turned and walked to a waiting car.

Despite this to-and-fro between the hawks and doves over Iraq, Powell had much to trumpet in the days immediately following Bush's speech. The president seemed to have convinced even some Arab states that a new Security Council resolution was necessary. Commenting on Powell's meetings, a senior State Department official bragged last Friday, "I didn't hear anybody speak against it [a new resolution]. Everybody talked in terms of a resolution today." The resolution Powell has been pushing has three objectives. It would declare that Iraq is in "material breach" of various Security Council resolutions. It would detail exactly what Iraq needs to do to comply with those resolutions and set a deadline for compliance. Finally, it would authorize the use of force if Iraq fails to obey.

But all day Monday, as Powell pressed Security Council members on the need for a new resolution, he heard rumors of an impending statement from Iraqi Foreign Minister Naji Sabri, who had met—some would say conspired—over the weekend with U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan and Arab League Secretary-General Amr Moussa. The rumors were already causing member states to retreat from Powell's plan. Powell was in a meeting Monday afternoon with Egyptian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

s Role of the University

John H. Bunzel is senior research fellow t the Hoover Institution; past president of in Jose State University; nd a former member of the U.S. Commission of Civil Rights.

Why, one wonders, are various conservatives and other voices of the political right seemingly driven to drawing up enemy lines?

In the late 1940s, they produced blacklists of men and women in Hollywood and the media whom the right charged with being Communists or sympathizers. In 1950, Senator Joseph McCarthy came up with his famous (but nonexistent) list of 205 names "known to the secretary of state as being members of the Communist Party and who nevertheless are still working and shaping the policy of the State Department." And President Nixon had his own enemies list.

Several months after the horrific events of September 11 came another list, compiled by the conservative American Council of Trustees and Alumni. **Condemning what it called a "blame America first" reaction on college campuses, the list singled out certain professors as the "weak link" in America's response to the attacks of September 11** for pointing "accusatory fingers" at the United States instead of the terrorists.

Senator Joseph Lieberman called the council's report "unfair and inconsistent for an organization devoted to promoting academic freedom" and asked that it cease referring to him as a "cofounder."

It is not necessary to expand on the importance of the university as an institution of free speech (acknowledged by the council). What needs to be emphasized is that the current threats to academic freedom are significantly different from those that defined the McCarthy era.

Fifty years ago the government tried to tell the public what was permissible and impermissible speech. Today, as many observers have noted, it is public sentiment that often dictates behavior.

This is why a responsibility of the council should be to strengthen the resolve of trustees to protect the university from the intrusion of politics and the passions of an aroused off-campus public. In its zeal to expose "patriotic incorrectness," the council should not lose sight of a vital role of universities in a time of crisis.

Many professors (especially in the humanities and social sciences) are openly left-liberal in their political outlook. Some of them used the events of September 11 to express their enmity toward the United States in statements such as "We have ourselves to blame for the attacks."

A campus is where one expects to hear outrageous and offensive ideas and where one has the right to be outraged and offended. But it's also where one has been able to hear thoughtful and deliberative discussions of how to fight terrorism, discussions that go beyond choices of "right versus wrong" and the dictum "you are either with us or against us."

One may strongly support the goal of eradicating terrorism but still question whether our means and actions may sometimes be working against our best interests.

Conservatives should be among the first to insist that the unhindered and "robust exchange of ideas" our universities provide should not be reduced to easy or simplistic moral categories.

— John H. Bunzel

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

Interested in more commentary on public policy?

Visit us on-line at **www.hoover.org** *or contact us to receive a complimentary copy of the 200-page, award-winning* **Hoover Digest.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Minister Ahmed Maher when he finally got Sabri's letter promising the return of inspectors "without conditions." Powell ducked out of the meeting, read the letter, and returned. A senior State Department official says the secretary made it "absolutely clear [to Maher] what we're looking for is Iraqi compliance with all the resolutions," not just the return of inspectors. But Powell had lost the Egyptians, who came out against his plan for a new resolution. "After the letter by the Iraqi government, I see no need for another Security Council resolution," Maher said Tuesday.

The emerging consensus that State Department officials had bragged of only days before quickly evaporated. At a press conference with Powell, Annan, and others, Russian Foreign Minister Igor Ivanov, Iraq's greatest ally during the showdown between UNSCOM and Saddam four years ago, did not waste time with diplomatic niceties. Iraq's new offer, he said bluntly, means "we don't need any special resolution." China and France made the same point. Most Arab countries agreed. You could almost hear the hawks back in Washington, who had warned about getting bogged down in U.N. maneuvering, sighing, "I told you so." Powell left New York with his plan in tatters.

There are two important goals behind Bush's speech and the resolution Powell seeks. The first is to widen the scope of Iraqi transgressions on which the world concentrates. Before the speech, the U.N. talked about inspectors. After it, the administration hoped the focus would be on a much longer list of infractions. Second, Powell hopes to rewrite and toughen the U.N. requirements on Iraq. The original inspections regime was significantly weakened in 1998 and 1999. Trying to bring Russia, France, and China on board, the Clinton administration agreed to a series of concessions requested by Iraq that chipped away at the power of the inspectors. The Bush administration wants its new resolution to address these inadequacies in UNMOVIC as well as to set clear markers indicating exactly what new misbehavior would trigger the use of force. With its proposal, Iraq is trying to undermine both these goals by once again dividing the Security Council. Saddam wants to refocus world attention on the narrow issue of inspections and strangle Powell's effort to strengthen UNMOVIC and create strict new deadlines for compliance. If inspectors return now, Saddam knows they will be governed by the old, watered-down U.N. resolutions that give him more room to delay, cheat, and conceal.

Powell's credibility is now tied to winning in the Security Council. While hawks remain dubious about his U.N. strategy, officials at State insist the diplomacy will deliver a new resolution. But Bush may have indicated how much confidence he has in a U.N. victory when he asked Congress to speed up its vote authorizing the use of force. Meanwhile, the Pentagon is moving "rolling stock" (tanks, jeeps, etc.) into the region, setting up a new command center in Qatar, flying B-2 bombers to Britain's Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean, and escalating its attacks on Iraq's air defenses in the no-fly zones. All of that probably sends a louder message to Iraq than that one line that was taken out of Bush's speech. ■

London Dispatch

Over and Out

By TIM LUCKHURST

COULD GEORGE W. BUSH'S push for regime change in Baghdad fall prey to the law of unintended consequences and cause regime change in London as well? The idea may seem absurd. British Prime Minister Tony Blair enjoys a handsome majority in the House of Commons and is opposed by a Conservative Party that languishes between 9 percent and 10 percent behind his Labour government in every opinion poll.

But it is a rule of British politics that a prime minister's most dangerous enemies are on his own side of the aisle. And in backing Bush's war on Iraq—even though 80 percent of Labour MPs disagree—Blair has placed himself in direct opposition to the views of the party upon whose consent he relies. British premiers are party leaders, after all, not presidents with personal mandates from the electorate. And the Labour Party, already dissatisfied with the prime minister's domestic policies, may well take the opportunity of an unpopular war in Iraq to try to depose him once and for all.

Consider a recent analogy. In August 1990, as Saddam Hussein's army invaded Kuwait, Margaret Thatcher was in Aspen, Colorado, meeting then-President George H.W. Bush. First she ordered the Royal Navy to strengthen its deployment in the Gulf. Then she declared to an audience at the Aspen Institute: "Iraq's invasion of Kuwait defies every principle for which the United Nations stands. If we let it succeed, no small country can ever feel safe again. The law of the jungle takes over." Her backing of the United States was unstinting, but American gratitude didn't help her at home. Three months later the Conservative majority in Parliament, increasingly alarmed by the electoral appeal of her domestic policies—particularly the poll tax—discarded the prime minister who had led them to three successive general-election victories. The British electorate—which, though hostile to elements of her domestic policy, supported the war and gave her higher ratings than her challenger—had no say in the matter.

Could the same fate befall Tony Blair? Philip Cowley, author of *Revolts and Rebellions: Parliamentary Voting Under Blair*, summarizes the dangers for the prime minister: "The omens are not good for the government. If there is a vote—and the rebels may need to force one—this could prove to be the mother of all rebellions." Indeed, there are already inklings that Labour rebels are ready to take action. Throughout the summer parliamentary recess, Blair has been under

TIM LUCKHURST is a reporter and former editor of *The Scotsman*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressure from his party to permit a parliamentary debate about his support for Bush's Iraq policy. Until last week he refused, insisting action was not imminent. But on September 12 Blair succumbed. Amid reports that all Royal Air Force leave has been canceled, that additional fighter aircraft have been sent to NATO air bases in Turkey, and that equipment has been deployed to military ports on the south coast of England and is ready for immediate embarkation, Downing Street confirmed that it would allow Parliament to meet on September 24. But there is a catch: MPs will not be allowed to vote on the war. All they will be allowed is an opportunity to vote on a technical motion to adjourn the House of Commons—an arcane procedure that permits MPs to vote even though the government has tabled no formal motion. Thus, voting in favor or against adjournment would be interpreted as support for or opposition to war.

Rebel Labour MPs predict that as many as 100 of the party's 412 MPs in the House of Commons will vote against the prime minister whether or not the motion is substantive. (An equally large number may abstain rather than risk disciplinary action for opposing government policy.) And to maximize any embarrassment to Blair, Conservative leader Iain Duncan Smith has ordered his parliamentarians to abstain on the technical vote unless Blair concedes to a head count on a substantive motion. Duncan Smith perceives no advantage in allowing his overwhelmingly pro-Bush MPs to save Blair from such a substantial snub from his own supporters.

Indeed, 24 hours after the parliamentary recall was announced, it was already evident that Blair's concession wasn't satisfying his left-wing critics. Chris Smith, Labour MP and former secretary of state for culture, media and sport, told TV viewers, "My sense is that the Labour Party overwhelmingly is extremely anxious about what is happening here," regarding Blair's pursuit of aggression against Iraq. One loyal Blairite MP and veteran minister complained, "There are a lot of MPs who are now taking the luxury of destabilizing Blair."

Defeat of, or substantial opposition to, the prime minister in Parliament during the September 24 debate would embolden his critics. They would then have an opportunity to compound the damage by voting for a motion opposing the use of force by Britain and the United States, which is already on the agenda for the Labour Party's annual conference, opening in Blackpool on September 29. And in Blackpool the voices will belong not only to MPs: In attendance will be leading union representatives (who are hostile to the war) and party activists (who are telling their MPs to oppose it as well). Even if Blair is embarrassed in Parliament and defeated at the conference, he will press on with preparations for war. After all, he has given his word to Britain's most valued ally, and he will not betray the "special relationship" he considers crucial to the national interest. British involvement in attacks on Iraq would almost certainly prompt resignations from Blair's Cabinet. Secretary of State for International Development Clare Short has already pointedly said that every politician has a "bottom line." Her unambiguous message is that she will quit the government if Britain goes to war against Saddam. And unlike Thatcher in the last gulf war, Blair won't even have the public's goodwill on his side: Polls indicate that public trust in Blair has fallen dramatically this year, and skepticism about the war is widespread.

That would precipitate the gravest crisis yet in Blair's government. The sole remaining requirement would be a candidate willing to risk all in a bid to replace him. To Blair's growing legion of Labour opponents, the obvious candidate is Chancellor of the Exchequer Gordon Brown. Brown is perceived as a more traditional Labour figure than Blair. He is popular with the grassroots, which throughout Labour Party history have always been more left-wing than the party leadership. Brown is greatly admired by trade unionists too. These crucial constituencies are confident Brown would support tax-and-spend policies and increase investment in nationalized public bureaucracies like the ailing National Health Service. They consider him skeptical about the partnerships between public and private capital that Blair has placed at the heart of government policy.

Brown, on holiday in the United States until last week, remained silent on Iraq throughout the summer, thus allowing supporters to believe he opposed Blair's policy. One Blairite MP who also counts Brown as a close friend says, "There are people who support Brown who fondly think they are doing Gordon a favor by pretending he is more hostile to war than he is." But this week Brown appeared to confirm his loyalty to his prime minister, declaring his backing for Blair in uncompromising terms. Brown will not precipitate a leadership election; but that does not mean he would refuse to seize the moment if someone else did.

Some Blair supporters at Westminster claim that Leader of the House of Commons Robin Cook is preparing himself for that role. Cook has positioned himself as the leading Cabinet dove, implicitly criticizing Blair's rejection of a substantive vote at the end of next week's parliamentary debate by revealing that he considers parliamentary support necessary before British troops can be committed to war. Cook was foreign secretary between 1997 and 2001, and friends say he regards his current job as a humiliating demotion and expects to be excluded from the Cabinet entirely if Blair wins a third term. A former minister who supports Blair says, "Robin is ambitious. He believes he can be prime minister." The arithmetic is against that, but as Thatcher's original challenger, Michael Heseltine, discovered, the candidate who opens the floodgates by challenging a sitting prime minister can persuade a more potent challenger to enter the race. That is how John Major became prime minister. It could happen for Gordon Brown too.

Blair's supporters know the ingredients for such a coup exist. One told the staunchly pro-Labour magazine *New Statesman*, "In a year's time, either we will have been right, and we'll let them know it, or we'll have been wrong and God help us." Unlikely? Before the Suez crisis of 1956 and the Gulf war of 1991, neither Anthony Eden nor Thatcher anticipated being removed from the world stage by the disloyalty of colleagues. Each was replaced by a man who had served them as chancellor of the exchequer. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

San Francisco Dispatch

Second City

By Chris Nolan

San Francisco's cool summer fog is giving way to the warm autumn days that residents quietly think of as their extended summer, and November's elections are already holding out the promise of the lefty silliness that has come to characterize the city's politics. In a half-serious taunt to the Bush administration, residents will be asked to vote on a ballot measure about whether the city should grow marijuana for residents who have their doctors' permission to take the drug.

San Francisco being what it is, the measure will pass. But elsewhere on the ballot are two other initiatives that, if successful, promise to turn the dope-growing initiative into the last gasp of a fine, if increasingly comic, tradition of liberal tolerance. One, dubbed "Care Not Cash," asks whether the city should slash cash payments to homeless residents. The second, HOPE, for "Home Ownership Program for Everyone," will loosen city regulations to make it easier to convert rental apartments into condos that occupants can buy. The two measures resonate with San Franciscans who don't understand why the city's homeless aren't better cared for; why the available housing is so expensive and run-down; and why trees aren't planted, streets aren't swept, and graffiti isn't removed.

San Francisco politics, in short, is moving to the right. It's partly the result of all those dot-this and e-that arrivistes who moved here searching for Internet gold. Some left empty-handed. But many, particularly those who did well, have stayed. And their bottom-line approach to life has given San Francisco's beleaguered business community a chance to regain some political muscle. The dot-commers have been joined—led, even—by San Francisco's largest block of motivated voters: the politically savvy gay community. More prosperous, safe, and wealthy than most residents, the community is now focused less on civil rights—all but guaranteed, legally and socially, in a host of ways—and more on civic rights and responsibilities. "We are such a rich city," says David Blumberg, a gay San Francisco–based venture capitalist and a member of Plan C, one of the city's fastest-growing civic organizations. "We can be efficient and very livable."

Passage of both initiatives would go a long way toward disabling, even crippling, two of San Francisco's largest and most powerful advocacy groups: homeless activists and tenants'-rights organizations. The two have worked happily in concert for years, forming a coalition that made for some of the strongest tenant laws and some of the kindest homeless policies in the nation. Evictions are hard to effect, rent increases are modest to minimal, and for years living on city streets has been considered a sacred right. It is exactly this ideology that the Internet newcomers—who hail from cities where the homeless are helped in spite of themselves and where renters live in recognition of landlords' authority—now deride as too idealistic and impractical. And they have defenders of the leftist status quo worried. "We are looking at that larger political picture," says Ted Gullicksen, a longtime activist with the San Francisco Tenants Union. "This is all about changing the face of San Francisco. It's an assault on progressive politics."

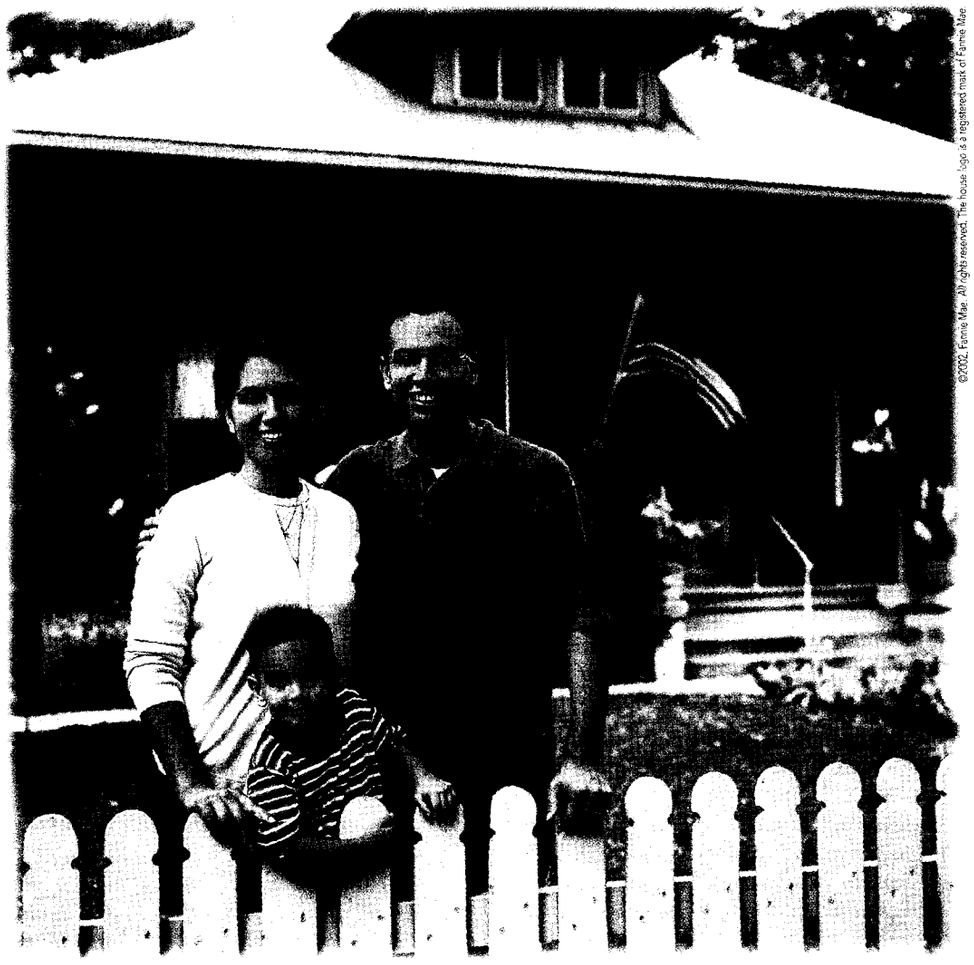
Care Not Cash, the brainchild of aspiring mayoral candidate Supervisor Gavin Newsom, would kick just under 3,000 of the city's homeless residents off a payment system designed to supplement the shortcomings in federal welfare payments. Currently, those residents get about $350 per month in municipal cash payments, money that many claim is spent on drugs and alcohol, thus keeping people on the streets. If Care Not Cash is approved, these flat payments will be replaced by vouchers for city services.

CHRISTOPHE VORLET

Chris Nolan is a freelance journalist in San Francisco who writes regularly about Silicon Valley.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Homeownership in America: 68%
Minority homeownership: 49%
Our commitment to increasing minority homeownership: 110%



Right now homeownership in America is at an all-time high of 68 percent. But there's still more work to be done. That's because among minorities it's only 49 percent. That's unacceptable.

FannieMae
www.fanniemae.com

At Fannie Mae, we believe the American Dream should be possible for all Americans regardless of their race or ethnic background.

That's why in this decade alone we're now committed to helping millions more minority families live their dreams.

You see, at Fannie Mae, when we say we're helping make the American Dream come true, we mean for all Americans.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The measure has been denounced by homeless advocates as needlessly cruel, and there are plenty of questions about how the city plans to administer the voucher program. But polls done by the city's business community show that it is steadily gaining ground. Surveys taken this summer gave Care Not Cash 56 percent of the vote; one late-July poll put that number at 74 percent. Plan C members like Blumberg are among the measure's strongest supporters, one reason that Care Not Cash is considered likely to pass. If it does, the almost classically handsome Newsom—a 34-year-old restaurant and nightclub owner and a longtime friend and protégé of the Getty family—will get a big boost for his 2003 mayoral bid. "This election is critical," Newsom said recently. "It's going to tell us where we're going."

STILL MORE IMPORTANT for San Francisco's political future—as well as for Newsom's mayoral campaign—will be the fate of HOPE. It's that measure, more than any other on the ballot, that threatens to effect real changes in what was once known as Baghdad by the Bay. It too is doing well in early polling among the city's business community, with a margin in favor of about two to one. HOPE aims to turn San Francisco's 770,000-odd residents, 70 percent of whom rent their homes, into home owners. Lefty activists like Gullicksen respond that, despite the "for everyone" in its acronym, HOPE won't enable poorer city residents to buy their apartments—and in a city where a 900-square-foot apartment sells for $450,000, they're probably right. Meanwhile, the measure's sponsor, Supervisor Tony Hall, promises that the initiative won't have any effect on the city's strong rent-control laws. He's probably right, too.

But HOPE isn't aimed at those struggling to make rent. It's for folks like Brian Mikes, a recently married 26-year-old who moved to San Francisco in 1998 to work for an online investment bank. "If I'm going to live here long-term, I want to own a house, my apartment," he says. As it stands, if Mikes decided to brave the city's housing market, he'd almost certainly be disappointed by the quality and cost of what he could find. And that's where HOPE comes in. Supporters don't like to talk about the direct effect that HOPE will have on the real estate market; but, being business people, they know the score. If enacted, HOPE would slowly put more housing on the market, and that should, in combination with the city's recent building boom, moderate or even lower purchase prices.

Yet HOPE's ultimate purpose goes far beyond real estate. By turning renters into home owners, supporters of the measure want also to turn them into "voters who are going to question where their tax dollars are going," says Nathan Namen, director of the San Francisco Committee on Jobs. "This will radically change San Francisco," agrees Hall. "It's a program that, in reality, will bring more responsible behavior to San Francisco."

Plan C co-founder Mike Sullivan, a San Francisco attorney, embodies that new ethic of responsibility. Earnest and boyish, Sullivan doesn't seem like a zealot out to thwart the progressive cause. Despite his Silicon Valley experience, he all but squirms when Plan C is associated with anything dot-com. Sullivan and the other mostly gay business and property owners who populate Plan C are put off by the image of the rapacious, out-for-himself Internet entrepreneur that haunted the city's politics for much of the Internet boom. And the earnest, good-neighbor vibe that Plan C's organizers give off *is* very different. But, like the Internet entrepreneurs, Plan C's members are absolutely convinced that if more San Franciscans were like them—home owners—the city would be a better place to live. "It's important to San Francisco to provide home-ownership opportunities not just for the rich," says Sullivan. "If what you care about is a city where you can have vibrant institutions, a city that looks good, that functions well, I think you have to have a vibrant middle class to make that happen."

Adds Eric Mann, another Plan C board member, "I want to be able to walk my dog without tripping over homeless people." He's a liberal, he insists, but like many others living and working in San Francisco, he's fed up with City Hall's incompetence. "We used to say the problem is money," he says. But San Francisco is a wealthy city that has squandered its riches. "You can still have lofty goals, and you can still have social programs—let's just get rid of the waste."

IT IS CERTAINLY hard to argue that the city is using its tax dollars effectively today. Some estimate that San Francisco spends as much as $174 million per year on all aspects of its homeless problem (in a city with a roughly $5 billion annual budget); others say that, in truth, the city doesn't know how much it spends or how many people it helps. One Hayes Valley business owner, frustrated by the city's inability or refusal to help a homeless man living—and defecating—in a bus shelter near her home, stopped calling the police and city services for help and started demanding that the city remove the bus shelter. And it's not just Hayes Valley—a swath of downtown near City Hall that's delicately known as a neighborhood in transition. Homeless men wander the aisles of organic grocery stores and sleep in doorways in tony Russian Hill and swank Pacific Heights as well. City Hall's main plaza and most of the city's central boulevard, Market Street, are crowded night and day with homeless people begging, ranting, or simply suffering.

Namen thinks the city's newer residents and recent home buyers are more sensitive to such quality-of-life questions because they have a very good idea how much money has flowed through city government in the past few years: It came out of their wallets. Compared with other cities and towns they lived in before coming to San Francisco, the results are paltry. "Whether you're a home owner or not, you feel this just walking down the street," says Namen. "I think there are people who are smart enough to say there is enough money to take care of these problems. Other cities faced with the same problems have been able to deal with it. We have not. ... People are smart enough to start saying, 'When is it enough?'" "Enough" may come this November 5. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Solving the Teacher Shortage: A Matter of Professional Standards

Kurt M. Landgraf, President & CEO of Educational Testing Service

Hospitals in America are facing a crunch in hiring enough qualified nurses. In response, some states allow hospitals and public policymakers to use financial incentives to recruit trained and qualified nurses. No one is suggesting we relax professional standards to fill the need for nurses.

When it comes to education, however, we seem to think differently. Everywhere one turns there is talk of a dire teacher shortage. As a result, the pressure is on to adopt "emergency" procedures enabling untrained, untested and unlicensed people to assume the role — and title — of "teacher."

Instead of seeking to fill slots through gimmicks and temporary fixes, we should invest in attracting top tier candidates and nurturing their professional development. We also must figure out how to keep many of the highly qualified, experienced and dedicated professionals who are already in our schools. As Arthur Wise, president of the National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education, pointed out at a conference co-sponsored by ETS and the Public Education Institute of Rutgers University, "We have a huge teacher retention problem. And, the more we resort to emergency procedures to get warm bodies into the classroom, the higher the attrition rate is going to be."

Federal education reform legislation mandates that there should be a "highly qualified" teacher in every classroom. That is an important requirement, but it is just the beginning. We must ensure that every child is taught by someone with the knowledge, skills, and dedication required of a truly competent teacher.

Schools and teachers must be held accountable for student outcomes — for how well students perform against standards set by each state. Such standards-based accountability is perfectly reasonable, and long overdue.

At the same time, we must recognize that accountability is a two-way street. And teachers are more than justified in demanding that they receive the authority, professional development and training, and resources they need to do what the job requires. They deserve respect and recognition equal to the mission that they undertake on our behalf; that means, among other things, higher salaries and better working conditions. It also requires greater parental involvement and improved student discipline.

"We have a huge teacher retention problem. And, the more we resort to emergency procedures to get warm bodies into the classroom, the higher the attrition rate is going to be."

— Arthur Wise

If we want better teachers, we have to treat our teachers better. Only if we do these things will we solve the "teacher shortage" problem. Only then will we have a chance of ensuring that every classroom and every child in America has a good teacher.

ETS Educational Testing Service

We invite you to continue this dialogue by contacting us via e-mail at: issues@ets.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jerusalem Dispatch

Hit List

By Yossi Klein Halevi

While the rest of the world debates American military action against Iraq, Israelis are confronting a convergence of apocalyptic scenarios. A potential attack by Saddam Hussein against the Jewish state is only the beginning. Every few days a banner headline in the Israeli press warns of a new, more sinister menace. There's Palestinian mega-terrorism and Hezbollah threats to provoke war on the Lebanese border. There's the Lebanese government's new project to divert one of the sources of the Jordan River, which the Israeli government warns could lead to war. There's even news, amid all the talk about Saddam's potential nuclear capacity, that the first Arab state to get the bomb will actually be ... Libya.

Still, when pressed to identify the single greatest danger facing Israel, strategic thinkers here tend to cite Iran. Iraq, they say, primarily threatens the Jewish state through strategic weapons; Iran has many more ways to inflict damage. To begin with, there's terrorism. Tehran, unlike Baghdad, is probably the world's preeminent terror capital. Iran maintains a global network, recruiting in mosques from South Africa to South America. It is said to spend more than $100 million per year on Hezbollah alone and has dispatched revolutionary guards to operate the group's missile launchers in Lebanon. The ayatollahs fund Islamic Jihad, perhaps the most extreme Palestinian group, and they sent Yasir Arafat a floating arsenal of high-grade explosives and other weapons aboard the now-infamous *Karine A*. By contrast, except for donations to the families of Palestinian suicide bombers, Iraq's relationship to anti-Israel terrorist groups is relatively modest (though Israel fears a resurgence of Iraqi-funded terrorism). And while Iraq is governed by a fascist nationalism that retains little ideological appeal, Iran is driven by a missionary faith that spreads Jew-hatred in Muslim communities around the world. "Iran is probably twenty times more involved in terrorism than Iraq," notes Haifa University Iraq expert Amatzia Baram.

The scenario that most frightens Israelis—because they believe it is the most imminent—is Iranian instigation of Hezbollah and Syria on Israel's northern border, which could ignite the next regional war. (Syria controls the flow of Iranian arms to Hezbollah and alternately restricts and permits its attacks on Israel from Syrian-controlled Lebanon.) Israel suspects that Hezbollah is encouraging the Lebanese government's new attempt to build a pipeline that would divert a key source of the Jordan River—potentially depriving Israel of more than 15 percent of its water intake. And Israeli officials believe Hezbollah has stockpiled some 10,000 Iranian-supplied missiles capable of reaching the entire Galilee. Government adviser Dore Gold compares the situation to the Cuban missile crisis: "Iran's long-range missiles aren't yet reliable, so they've shifted to short-range weaponry deployed on the soil of a geographically proximate third party." That's what the Soviets did in Cuba.

The danger, however, isn't just conventional war. Iraq's nuclear expertise currently exceeds Iran's, but Israeli strategists say that because the world isn't pushing for inspection of Iranian nuclear facilities—allowing Russian scientists to work on the Iranian bomb unimpeded—Tehran may well surpass Baghdad in the race for the bomb. Last December, Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, the former Iranian president, told a University of Tehran audience that the vast Muslim world could easily absorb nuclear war, while tiny Israel would be annihilated by "one atom bomb." "That speech is still echoing in our ears," says a senior Israeli security source. Tellingly, one of the few books he keeps near his desk is a thick volume titled *Iran, Basic Facts*.

In fact, though few remember it now, Yitzhak Rabin's primary motive for endorsing the Oslo process was his fear of a nuclear Iran. Rabin hoped that by neutralizing the Arab "core" of the conflict—Palestine and Syria—Israel would be free to deal with the "periphery": Iraq and especially Iran. Rabin, says one close former aide, was convinced that "sooner or later, by whatever means necessary," Israel would have to ensure that Iran didn't go nuclear. When Rabin needed to upgrade the Israeli air force, he chose the long-range F-16, which could reach Tehran and Baghdad without needing to refuel.

Israelis worry that the Bush administration—despite its inclusion of Iran in the "axis of evil"—may nevertheless be ignoring the Iranian threat. Iraq first, worry some Israelis—especially in the army—could become Iraq only. Ironically, notes Uzi Arad, liaison between the Netanyahu government and the Clinton administration on the Iranian nuclear threat, George W. Bush has been less vigorous than Bill Clinton in pressuring the Russians to stop nuclear aid to Iran. Two weeks ago Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage noted that Hezbollah is "the A-team of terrorists" and that "maybe Al Qaeda is actually the B-team," an assessment shared by Israel. But then Armitage continued, "[W]e're going to go after these problems just like a high school wrestler goes after a match; we're going to take 'em down one at a time."

Israelis worry about this U.S. reluctance to wage a multifront campaign—applying diplomatic and economic sanctions, for example, against countries and companies trading with Iran, even as military efforts focus on ousting Saddam. "We don't have the luxury of dealing with one threat at a time," says the senior security source. "We have to deal with Palestinian terrorism and with the Iranian and Iraqi nonconventional threat, which we can't ignore for a moment. And we can't say, 'We'll deal with the Lebanon front in a few days,' because we're busy with the Palestinians. What can you do? They're shooting from Lebanon."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No one here is suggesting that Washington not push ahead with its war against Saddam. In a recent *Ma'ariv* poll, some 57 percent of Israelis supported an American strike against Iraq, even though Israelis may well pay the heaviest price for that attack. And Ariel Sharon has always seen Baghdad as the greatest threat, notes a source close to the prime minister: "He thinks like a tank commander. He counts armored divisions. And he remembers that Iraq, not Iran, has participated in most of Israel's wars. Sharon knows that wars are decided through ground forces and not missiles." Others note that a relatively simple dictatorship like Saddam's is also a more realistic target. Iran, says one former senior military intelligence officer, is a complex society with diverse centers of power. Baghdad, by contrast, "is brittle and can be toppled by surgically removing the leader."

What's more, Sharon and Shimon Peres are convinced that toppling Saddam will transform the Middle East and offer Israel new strategic opportunities, perhaps even new negotiating partners. Some in the Israeli government believe Saddam's fall will have a domino effect on the region's radical regimes, including Iran; others say that even if regime change in Baghdad doesn't topple the Iranian mullahs, they'll find themselves trapped by a ring of pro-American regimes. Which is why Sharon has refrained from any irreversible action toward the Palestinians, resisting pressure from the right to expel Arafat and from the left to unilaterally withdraw from any part of the territories.

The question is whether Tehran will make Israeli restraint impossible. In recent weeks Hezbollah has intensified its shelling of Israeli planes flying near the Lebanese border, and in the last week of August one Israeli soldier was killed and two wounded in a Hezbollah attack on an Israeli army outpost. Sharon's government didn't retaliate. Israel's dilemma is that if it hits back, it risks escalating a conflict with Syria that could complicate American war plans in Iraq. Yet failure to retaliate could undermine the image of Israeli resolve in the Arab world, which was badly shaken by the Lebanon withdrawal two years ago but somewhat restored, according to strategists here, by the Israeli public's ability to withstand the Palestinian terrorist assault. "From the Iranians' point of view," notes the senior security source, "they're in a win-win situation." And as long as the United States remains focused only on Saddam, that situation doesn't seem likely to change. ■

Inspectors yes, war no.

No Strikes

By Michael Walzer

The Bush administration is threatening to attack Iraq and has been doing so for many months now. But it is hard, even after the president's U.N. speech, to see the point of the threat. It might be intended to deter the Iraqis from developing weapons of mass destruction, but it seems more likely to speed up the work they are already doing—especially since George W. Bush has repeatedly insisted that his goal is not just to stop weapons development but also to overthrow the regime of Saddam Hussein. It might be intended to rally support for the war to come, but so far it has had exactly the opposite effect, giving every country in the world (and every former general in the U.S. Army) a chance to say no—a chance that many of them have eagerly seized. It might be intended to press Iraq to accept a renewed U.N. inspection system or to press our allies to impose such a system. That would be a rational goal, but it doesn't seem to be what the administration really wants: The United States has taken little part in the months-long negotiations aimed at bringing the inspectors back, and it isn't clear that the administration is prepared to follow up in any serious manner on Iraq's offer (or diplomatic maneuver) this week to readmit them. President Bush warned that the U.N. Security Council should "not be fooled" by the gesture. "This is not a matter of inspections," a White House spokesman added. "It is about disarmament of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction and the Iraqi regime's compliance with all other Security Council resolutions. This is a tactical step by Iraq in hopes of avoiding strong U.N. Security Council action. As such, it is a tactic that will fail."

Without access to U.S. intelligence it is hard to judge how grave a threat Saddam poses. But let's make some commonsense stipulations: First, the Iraqis have developed chemical and biological weapons and are trying to develop nuclear weapons; second, our government isn't certain about how close they are to having a usable nuclear weapon, but as of this moment they don't have one; third, Iraq has used chemical weapons in the past, though only on its own territory during the war with Iran and in efforts to repress the Kurds; and fourth, the Iraqi regime is sufficiently brutal internally and hostile externally—to some of its neighbors and to the United States—that we can't rule out its readiness to use such weapons again and more widely or to use nuclear weapons if and when it develops them. We also can't rule out (though there is as yet no evidence for) the transfer of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weapons of mass destruction from the Iraqi military or secret services to terrorist groups.

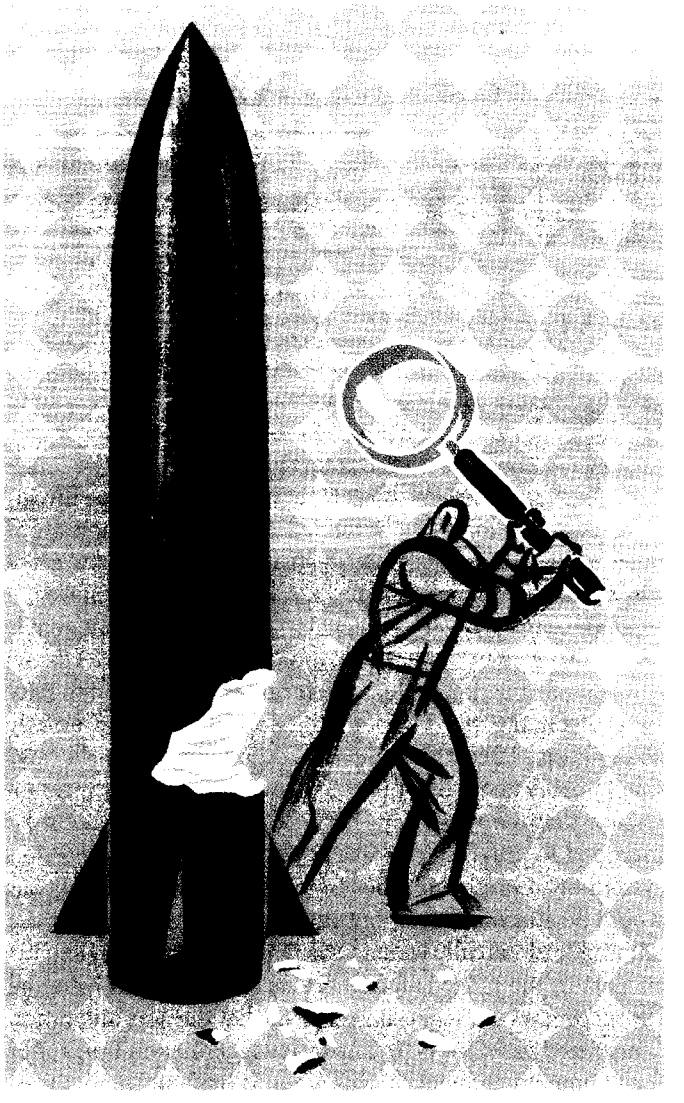
If these stipulations are plausible today, they have been plausible for a long time. They suggest how wrong it was to allow the first U.N. inspection system to collapse. There was a just and necessary war waiting to be fought back in the 1990s when Saddam was playing hide-and-seek with the inspectors. That would have been an internationalist war, a war of enforcement, and its justice would have derived, first, from the justice of the system it was enforcing and, second, from its likely outcome: the strengthening of the U.N. and the global legal order.

Though Iraq did not use weapons of mass destruction in the Gulf war, the peace agreement imposed after the war—which was authorized and, in part, implemented by the U.N.—included restrictions on the development and deployment of such weapons. As an aggressor state, Iraq was subjected to a set of constraints designed to make future aggression impossible. Imagine it as a state on parole, deprived of full sovereignty because of its previous behavior. This was a just outcome of the Gulf war, and the inspection system was its central feature.

Once the inspectors were in place, they revealed to the world how hard Saddam's government had been working on a variety of horrific weapons and how far along some of the work was. For a while, at least, the inspections seemed to be reasonably effective: A number of facilities and large quantities of dangerous materials were discovered and destroyed. But memory is short in political life, and commitments and coalitions are fragile. The urgencies of the war and its immediate aftermath receded, and some of Iraq's old trading partners, France and Russia most importantly, began to renew their ties. By the mid-'90s Saddam felt that he could safely test the will of the U.N. and the coalition of 1991, and so he began delaying the inspections or denying the inspectors access to the sites they wanted to visit. And he was right: There was no will to enforce the inspection system—not at the U.N. (which passed many resolutions but did nothing else), not in Europe, and not in the Clinton administration. The United States was prepared to use its airpower to maintain the "no-fly zones" in the North and South but was not prepared for a larger war.

If the inspectors had been forcibly supported, their employer, the U.N., would be much stronger than it currently is, and it would be very difficult for the United States or anyone else to plan a war without going through the U.N.'s decision-making procedures. But the failure of the '90s is not easy to rectify, and it doesn't help to pretend that the U.N. is an effective agent of global law and order when it isn't. Many states insist that they support the renewal of the inspection system, but so long as they are unwilling to use force on its behalf, their support is suspect. They profess to be defending the international rule of law, but how can the law "rule" when there is no law enforcement? When the Bush administration worries that the return of the inspectors would be (in Vice President Dick Cheney's words) "false comfort," it is reflecting a general belief, shared by Saddam, that our European allies would never agree to use force in order to ensure that those inspectors receive unfettered access to possible weapons-development sites. Indeed, until this last week, the Europeans were not seriously trying to renew the inspection system—probably because they were reluctant to face the enforcement question. U.N. negotiators dithered with Iraqi negotiators in a diplomatic dance that seems to have been designed for delay and ultimate failure. It still isn't clear that the dance is over.

Delay is dangerous because once Saddam has weapons of mass destruction and effective delivery systems, our threat to use force against Iraq will be far less plausible than it could be today. But as I have stipulated, Saddam doesn't have them yet. If the administration thinks that Iraq is already a nuclear power, or is literally on the verge of becoming one, then the past months of threatening war rather than fighting it would seem to represent, from the administration's perspective, something like criminal negligence. If there is even a little time before Iraq gets the bomb, the rapid restoration of the inspection system is surely the right thing to aim at—and immensely preferable to the "preemptive" war that many in Washington (including this magazine) so eagerly support.



ALEX NABAUM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a speech at West Point a few months ago, President Bush made a case for the necessity and justice of preemptive war against Iraq. But in the absence of evidence suggesting not only the existence of Iraqi weapons but also their imminent use, preemption is not an accurate description of what the president is threatening. No one expects an Iraqi attack tomorrow or next Tuesday, so there is nothing to preempt. The war that is being discussed is *preventive*, not preemptive—it is designed to respond to a more distant threat. The general argument for preventive war is very old; in its classic form it has to do with the balance of power. "Right now," says the prime minister of country X, "the balance is stable; each of the competing states feels that its power is sufficient to deter the others from attacking. But country Y, our historic rival across the river, is actively and urgently at work developing new weapons, preparing a mass mobilization; and if this work is allowed to continue, the balance will shift, and our deterrent power will no longer be effective. The only solution is to attack now, while we still can." International lawyers and just-war theorists have never looked on this argument with favor because the danger to which it alludes is not only distant but speculative, whereas the costs of a preventive war are near, certain, and usually terrible. The distant dangers, after all, might be avoided by diplomacy, or the military work of the other side might be matched by work on this side, or country X might look for alliances with states possessing the deterrent power that it lacks. Whether or not war is properly the last resort, there seems no sufficient reason for making it the first.

But the old argument for preventive war did not take into account weapons of mass destruction or delivery systems that allow no time for arguments about how to respond. Perhaps the gulf between preemption and prevention has now narrowed so that there is little strategic (and therefore little moral) difference between them. The Israeli attack on the Iraqi nuclear reactor in 1981 is sometimes invoked as an example of a justified preventive attack that was also, in a sense, preemptive: The Iraqi threat was not imminent, but an immediate attack was the only reasonable action against it. Once the reactor was in operation, an attack would have endangered civilians living around it for many miles. So it was a question of now or never. A single attack could be effective now but not later; afterward, only a full-scale war could have prevented the Iraqi acquisition of nuclear weapons. But if this limited argument for preventive war applied to Israel in 1981, it does not apply to the United States in 2002. Iraq, after all, was already formally at war with Israel, and its hostility was visible, threatening, and immediate. Listening these days to Saddam's speeches, one might conclude that Israel still has a case for a preventive attack against Iraqi targets, and some of Iraq's other neighbors may also have a case: At least they confront a real threat. But I don't think that there is an American case, even if we claim to represent the neighbors—who have not authorized our representation and whose citizens would be radically at risk in any American war. In fact, the "now or never" example strengthens the argument for inspection: The first U.N. inspectors supervised the destruction of facilities and materials that would have been dangerous to bomb from the air; there is still time for them to do that again.

The administration's response, so far as I can make it out, has two parts. First, the inspectors will never get into Iraq, or will never be able to work effectively once they are in, unless there is a readiness to fight—and no one at the U.N. or in Europe is seriously ready. Inspection means delay, and again, delay is dangerous. Better to fight now. But "now" seems to be a fairly elastic term; clearly there are people in the Bush administration who think that the delays of the last months, and the likely delays of the coming months, are not so terribly dangerous. And the inspectors could probably be at work "now," in the more precise sense of that word, had there been a will to send them back.

Second, however effective they were, the inspectors would not overthrow the regime of Saddam Hussein. That sounds right, though their presence and their work would certainly weaken the regime. In any case, change of regime is not commonly accepted as a justification for war. The precedents are not encouraging: Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, Chile, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia all reflect the bad old days of cold war "spheres of influence" and ideologically driven military or clandestine interventions. Regime change can sometimes be the *consequence* of a just war—when the defeated rulers are moral monsters, like the Nazis in World War II. And humanitarian interventions to stop massacre and ethnic cleansing can also legitimately result in the installation of a new regime. But now that a zone of (relative) safety has been carved out for the Kurds in the North, there is no compelling case to be made for humanitarian intervention in Iraq. The Baghdad regime is brutally repressive and morally repugnant, certainly, but it is not engaged in mass murder or ethnic cleansing; there are governments as bad (well, almost as bad) all over the world.

The only compelling reason for targeting Saddam is the belief that he will never give up the pursuit of weapons of mass destruction. But even this is not persuasive. Faced with a unified international community committed to the enforcement of an inspections regime, with soldiers ready to move, Saddam would almost certainly suspend his pursuit—and the suspension would last as long as the commitment did. In any case, many other regimes around the world, including democratic regimes (such as India's), have developed or are trying to develop such weapons, so how can we be sure that future Iraqi rulers would not resume Saddam's project? If we are interested in the safety of Iraq's neighbors, inspection is a more reliable solution than regime change.

The right thing to do, right now, is to re-create the conditions that existed in the mid-'90s for fighting a just war. And we must do this precisely to avoid the war that many in the Bush administration want to launch. The Europeans could have reestablished these conditions by themselves months ago if they really wanted to challenge American unilateralism. No government in Baghdad could have resisted a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

European ultimatum—admit the inspectors by a certain date or else!—so long as the states behind the ultimatum included France and Russia, who have been Iraq's protectors, and so long as the "or else!" involved both economic and military action. Why didn't the Europeans do this? Bush spoke about a "difficult and defining moment" for the U.N., but it is really the Europeans who are being tested at this moment. So far, their conduct suggests that they have lost all sense of themselves as independent and responsible actors in international society. In an interview published in *The New York Times* on September 5, German Prime Minister Gerhard Schroeder made the amazing statement that when the U.S. government threatened war, it effectively blocked any effort to restore the inspection system. I am afraid that the truth is the exact opposite: There would be no effort at all without the threat. Four days after Schroeder's statement, French President Jacques Chirac called for the U.N. to reimpose the inspection system and to consider authorizing the use of force against Iraq if the inspectors were hindered in their work. It would have been a powerful sign of French independence had he said this to *Le Monde* in June or July. Now Chirac's proposal has to be viewed as nothing more than a last-minute effort to accommodate the crazy Americans. Still, the French proposal should be pursued. It has already helped to produce the Iraqi offer to readmit the inspectors. Chirac should now be challenged to insist on unfettered inspections even if Iraq begins introducing new caveats.

Convinced that France, Russia, and other European states (Great Britain being the only exception) are bent on appeasement, the United States hasn't moved on its own to restore the inspection system. But that is what we should do. Together, Europe and the United States could certainly impose the system that is needed, with the inspectors free to go wherever they want, on their own time schedule. This is a way to avoid, or at least to postpone, the war with Iraq. Let the inspectors go to work, but don't repeat the mistakes of the '90s; back them up with visible and overwhelming force.

I can't say right now if there is a good chance of getting the inspectors back. There are a lot of people eager to repeat the old mistakes. The real and only argument for war is not that war is the right choice, or the best available choice, but that there is no international commitment to actions short of war that require the *threat* of war. I think it is fair to say that many influential Europeans, from both the political class and the intelligentsia, would prefer a unilateral American war to a European readiness to fight—even if, to misquote Shakespeare, "the readiness is all," and war itself could be avoided.

So we may yet face the hardest political question: What ought to be done when what ought to be done is not going to be done? But we shouldn't be too quick to answer that question. If the dithering and delay go on and on—if the inspectors don't return or if they return but can't work effectively; if the threat of enforcement is not made credible; and if our allies are unwilling to act—then many of us will probably end up, very reluctantly, supporting the war the Bush administration seems so eager to fight. Right now, however, there are other things to do, and there is still time to do them. The administration's war is neither just nor necessary. ■

The man who could beat Jeb.

Fall Guy

By JASON ZENGERLE

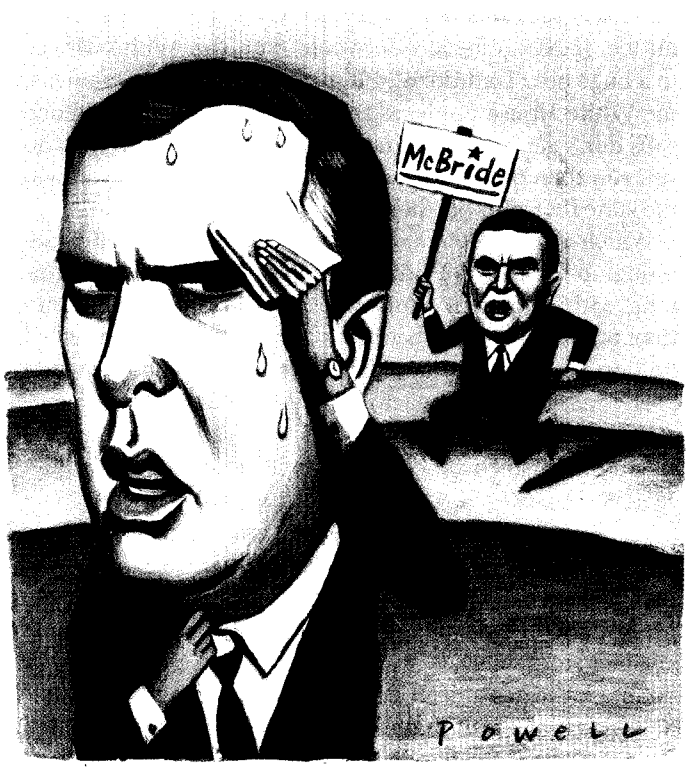
FOR MORE THAN a year Bill McBride touted himself as the man who could fulfill Florida Democrats' wildest dream: He could beat Jeb Bush. "I've sized him up," McBride would say in his folksy drawl as he stumped for votes in the state's Democratic gubernatorial primary. "I can take him." A combat-decorated Marine veteran and former managing partner of Florida's largest law firm, McBride didn't lack for confidence—he believed it when he said he could beat the Republican incumbent and presidential brother. The problem was, his fellow Democrats didn't. Despite his impressive accomplishments in the military and the law, McBride was a political novice: He had never even run for dogcatcher. And while Florida Democrats didn't think Janet Reno—McBride's chief opponent in the three-way primary—had a prayer of beating Bush either, they seemed inclined to vote for her anyway as a reward for her years of public service both in the state and in the Clinton administration. Last January, seven months into McBride's campaign, a poll found Reno leading him by 43 points. Undaunted, McBride plugged away, refusing to say anything negative about Reno but repeating his mantra that he was the Democrat most capable of beating Bush. Over time he succeeded in making this case to the Florida Education Association (FEA), the AFL-CIO, and much of the state Democratic establishment. Still, even with endorsements from the teachers and the unions and support from the party, it didn't look as though McBride had any hope of beating Reno and getting his shot at Bush: Three months before last week's primary vote, he was still trailing her by nearly 30 points.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then Bush butted in. In August the Florida Republican Party started running attack ads against McBride. One accused him of violating campaign finance laws; another charged that he was guilty of "reckless mismanagement" at his old law firm. "Corporate lawyer Bill McBride," the narrator of the latter ad intoned in a sinister voice. "His mismanagement hurt working people." Bush had evidently calculated that McBride would be a tougher opponent than Reno in November and launched the ads in the hope of ensuring Reno's victory in the primary. It was a play straight out of the book of California's Democratic Governor Gray Davis, who earlier this year launched a series of attack ads against Richard Riordan, the Republican gubernatorial candidate who was thought to pose the biggest threat to him in the general election; thanks in part to Davis's ads, Riordan lost the GOP primary to Bill Simon, who is expected to lose badly to Davis in November.

But Bush's attack ads had exactly the opposite effect. They served to confirm for Florida Democrats what McBride had been telling them all along: *He could beat Bush.* "If you think McBride makes Jeb Bush nervous now," declared a McBride ad responding to Bush's attacks, "wait until November." With the inadvertent push from Bush, McBride—who had already been gaining on Reno thanks to his own $3.5 million advertising blitz over the summer—surged into the final week of the campaign. By primary day the opinion polls showed McBride in the lead.

Last Thursday evening McBride burst into a Tampa hotel ballroom filled with his supporters to declare victory. It had been nearly 48 hours since the polls had closed, but this being Florida—land of election debacles—there had been so many voting irregularities that Florida's secretary of state had not been able to unofficially declare McBride the winner of the Democratic primary until that afternoon. (Indeed, the uncertainty about the results would linger into the next week, until the state's election canvassing board officially certified McBride's victory by fewer than 5,000 votes and Reno conceded.) Still, the delay hadn't dampened the enthusiasm in the room that night. "Bill! Bill! Bill!" his supporters shouted before segueing into an even more boisterous chant: "No more Jeb! No more Jeb!"



CHARLIE POWELL

McBride is a large man—he stands six feet three inches and weighs 245 pounds—with rough-hewn features; and as he leaned heavily on a podium, sweat dripping down his very red face, he had the look of someone who had just finished a long race. But when he spoke, he made it clear he wasn't finished yet. "I say to the governor that your negative campaigns against me during the primary did not work," McBride said, "and they won't work in the general election, either." Still addressing Bush, McBride continued: "Let's don't hide behind thirty-second television ads. . . . Let's not worry about who has the best blow-dried hair. Let's not have people speak for you. Come out and speak for yourself! . . . Let's pick it up, let's raise the level, and let's . . . go toe to toe!" It wasn't long before the crowd was once again chanting, "No more Jeb! No more Jeb!"

Florida Democrats, of course, have been swearing vengeance against Jeb Bush ever since his brother was awarded the contested state in the 2000 presidential election. And now that, after months of despair, they believe they have a candidate who can beat Bush—a poll just out from the Florida Democratic Party shows McBride trailing Jeb by only five points—that anger has not just bubbled to the surface; it has boiled over. What's more, the anger isn't limited to Florida. Democrats across the country are salivating at the prospect of knocking off Bush, and money and advice from national Democrats are already pouring into McBride's campaign. A mere three months ago McBride was a political afterthought even in Florida, a man whose fledgling political career was expected to come to an abrupt and humiliating end only months after it began. But now, as he tries to ride the wave of anti-Bush sentiment to the Florida governor's mansion, McBride is poised to become this campaign season's most important Democrat.

ALTHOUGH THE 57-YEAR-OLD McBride is a newcomer to politics, he has the kind of life story campaign consultants dream of. He grew up the son of a TV repairman in Leesburg, a town of 10,000 in Central Florida. A football star in high school, he won an athletic scholarship to the University of Florida. But during his freshman year he blew out his knee in practice, ending his football career. The football coach told McBride he could keep his scholarship, but McBride turned him down, instead taking a series of jobs to put himself through school and eventually graduating with honors. After one year at the University of Florida law school, in 1968 McBride enlisted in the Marines. He led a combat platoon in Vietnam and was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

awarded a Bronze Star. "Lieutenant McBride is a rare blend of natural leadership, intelligence, and physical stamina," his 1970 fitness report stated.

After Vietnam, McBride went back to law school, and upon graduation he joined Florida's largest law firm, Holland & Knight, where he primarily practiced banking law in Tampa. In the early '90s he became the firm's managing partner, and under his leadership Holland & Knight went national, opening up offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and other cities outside of Florida; by the time McBride stepped down as managing partner two years ago, the firm had grown from 300 lawyers to 1,400. McBride also made sure the firm stood for more than just making money: He placed a heavy emphasis on pro bono work—something that kept Holland & Knight lawyers' salaries lower than those of their counterparts at other large firms—while at the same time instituting "living wages" for the firm's clerical staff, which boosted their hourly pay by as much as 50 percent. He even extended health insurance and other benefits to domestic partners of firm employees. Together with his wife, Alex Sink—a former president of Bank of America's Florida operations—McBride became a fixture on the Tampa civic and charity circuit, leading United Way fund-raising drives and personally endowing college scholarships for Little League baseball players he coached.

All of which makes McBride a formidable candidate. His position at Holland & Knight gave him strong ties to the state's deep-pocketed business and legal communities. Thanks to the progressive policies he implemented at the firm, he enjoys good relations with the state's liberal groups. And then, of course, there's his biography—particularly his small-town roots and military record—which Democrats think will help him draw votes in parts of the state that tend to favor Republicans. In the primary, McBride more or less conceded to Reno the heavily Democratic areas of South Florida—like Broward, Miami-Dade, and Palm Beach Counties—and focused instead on more conservative Central and North Florida. He wound up taking 59 of Florida's 67 counties and rolling up large margins in the booming I-4 corridor (which runs across Central Florida from Tampa to Daytona Beach) and the Panhandle (home to many veterans). Democrats expect McBride will do similarly well along the I-4 corridor in the general election; and while they acknowledge that he won't be able to beat Bush in North Florida, they hope he'll still be able to steal some votes there. "He reminds me of a cross between Reuben Askew and Bob Graham," says Orlando Democratic consultant Dick Batchelor, invoking the names of two former Democratic governors who drew well outside of the Democrats' traditional South Florida base. "He's a smart, level-headed, moderate Democrat. I think there are a lot of traditional Democratic voters in Central and North Florida who have been voting for Republicans but who want to come back home. And McBride offers them the opportunity to do just that."

But the key for McBride will be exciting the party's base of liberal voters—blacks, non-Cuban Hispanics, seniors, Jews, and South Florida whites—who favored Reno in the primary and who may harbor some bitterness over the botched vote count. With that in mind, McBride tapped as his running mate State Senator Tom Rossin, who represents West Palm Beach, and has begun trying to redirect ill will over the election mess toward Bush. "The governor promised that there would be resources given to the supervisors of elections so we wouldn't have a problem like we had in 2000," McBride said last week as reporters barraged him with questions about voting problems in Miami-Dade County and Broward County. "Again, he made a promise that he didn't deliver on." Reno may help with this, too: In her concession speech, she pledged to campaign for McBride this fall and to focus on election reform "to [figure] out how we assure the people of Florida just, fair, timely, and accurate elections. The present governor of Florida has had two shots at it now, and he's not met either opportunity."

THE 2000 ELECTION fiasco is just one reason Democrats across the country are eager to see Jeb Bush lose. There's also the fact that a Bush defeat would be terribly embarrassing to the White House, which, as Ryan Lizza recently pointed out in these pages, has done everything it possibly can—from awarding Florida a disproportionate number of federal grants to tinkering with federal environmental policy—to give Jeb a leg up in his reelection campaign (see "He Ain't Heavy," July 29, 2002). Then, of course, there's the other reason—aside from brotherly love—why the White House has been pulling out all the stops for Jeb: Florida, the nation's largest swing state and the one that granted George W. Bush his hair-thin 2000 victory, is key to the president's reelection strategy in 2004. "Taking Jeb Bush out would do more to mess up President Bush's reelection plans than any other one race this fall," says a Democratic National Committee (DNC) official. "It would put the White House in a huge box. Traditionally, if something like that happens, the White House punishes the state and ignores it: Phone calls don't get returned, grants don't get given. But how do you run there in two years if you do that? How do you win the state that your brother just lost?"

Which is why Democrats from all over the country are lining up to help McBride in any way that they can, beginning with campaign contributions. McBride raised more than $3 million for his primary campaign (he also funneled millions in soft-money contributions through the state party and through a teachers' union political action committee); but he is completely broke going into the general election, in which he estimates he'll need to spend more than $800,000 per week for TV ads. That shouldn't be a problem. "There's a lot of excitement among the donor base for McBride," says Mitchell Berger, the finance chairman of the Florida Democratic Party, which will again help McBride with soft-money contributions this fall. "Donors are like stock market watchers. They read polls. And the polling indicates a dead heat between Bush and McBride." Making things even better for McBride on the campaign finance front is the fact that his chief money man, Richard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swann, is the father-in-law of fund-raiser extraordinaire and DNC Chairman Terry McAuliffe. "I think we'll be fine with money," McBride told me.

Then there's the kind of national support that may be even more important than fund-raising: getting high-profile Democrats to help McBride troll for votes. This should be especially easy when it comes to those Democrats who are thinking about running for president in two years. Indeed, according to Swann, John Kerry, Joe Lieberman, and Al Gore have all had discussions with the McBride campaign about appearing in Florida on McBride's behalf. And they likely won't be the only presidential hopefuls stumping for him. "I'm sure Dick Gephardt and John Edwards would come if we asked them, and I intend to ask them," says Swann. "I'm sure anybody interested in 2004 would be delighted to help." As the DNC official puts it, "Florida clearly has a special place in every Democrat's heart."

MCBRIDE, OF COURSE, can't run on a platform of pure, unadulterated Bush hatred, so he has tried to channel the anti-Bush sentiment into an actual issue: education. Bush ran for governor four years ago on a promise to improve Florida's public schools, and after he was elected the legislature swiftly passed his "A-Plus" education plan, which mandates annual testing of students and assigns each school in Florida a grade based on the results. Schools that get A's get more money; students at schools that get repeated F's are given state-funded tuition vouchers to attend private schools. But Florida schools remain near the bottom in most school rankings of the 50 states, and the public appears to be getting frustrated: A statewide survey of voters in June found that only 34 percent thought Bush's plan had improved education in Florida; 46 percent felt it hadn't.

So it's not surprising that McBride has made education the overriding issue of his campaign. He has blasted Bush's A-Plus program as a "mirage" and has flayed the governor for not spending enough on schools (Florida ranks fortieth among the states in K–12 per-pupil spending). McBride has put forth his own detailed education program, which calls for ending the grading of schools and using testing only to measure individual student performance. The centerpiece of McBride's program, though, is a 50-cent-per-pack increase in cigarette taxes that will help generate an additional $1 billion to spend on education. "This election is about children and public schools," McBride told me. "Public schools are the reason I got into this race."

The potent synergy of public dissatisfaction with state education and Democratic animus toward Bush was on display when McBride addressed a meeting of the FEA in Orlando two days after declaring his primary victory. The teachers' union, of course, supports McBride—parts of his education program read like they could have been written by the union. But as much as the teachers like McBride, they detest Bush. WE'VE SEEN THE FUTURE, AND IT AIN'T YOU JEB, read one button sported by many of the professional educators in attendance. BUCK FUSH, declared another. One FEA member sported her own homemade pin: JESUS LOVES YOU, JEB. EVERYONE ELSE THINKS YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE.

McBride, sensing the mood in the room, didn't waste much time going into the finer points of his education plan. Instead, he gave the crowd the red meat it clearly craved. "I think that what Jeb Bush should do is quit hiding behind his thirty-second television ads," McBride said to shouts of "That's right!" He then launched into one of his favorite riffs—what he calls his "flatbed-truck idea." "We're gonna get a flatbed truck," McBride told the teachers, his accent becoming even more pronounced, "and we'll drive around, and we'll go from city to city. Just me and him. He can stand up and talk about what his policies are, what he sees as the future of Florida, and then I'll talk. He'll talk, I'll talk. Then we'll take questions and let everybody go at it. The old style of politics where you hide behind handlers, where you have blow-dried hair, where you wear makeup, I don't want that anymore." The teachers rose to their feet and yelled their approval. McBride paused to let the noise die down. "I'm ready, Jeb," he said with a hint of contempt in his voice. "Are you?" The crowd erupted once more.

After the speech I rode with McBride for the 90-minute drive back to his home outside of Tampa. He had gotten up at 4:30 that morning when a crew from NBC's "Today" show had arrived at his house to set up for an interview, and the pep he'd had for his speech to the teachers had waned. As he reflected on his campaign, though, some of his verve returned. "We sort of toiled away in obscurity there for a while," he said. "But I think the passion is there now. I mean, like this morning, I don't think you can phony that up." He talked about all the money and advice that was beginning to pour in from Democrats around the country—"My problem right now is I've got about two hundred calls I haven't returned that I need to get around to"—but he acknowledged that he didn't think it had as much to do with him as with the race he was in. "It's a very important state, the fourth largest, almost the third largest in the country, so there's a lot of national attention on Florida anyway," he said. "Then there's more interest in this campaign because the governor is the president's brother. And then because of 2000."

Indeed, the more McBride talked, the more he suggested that he knew he was part of a phenomenon a lot bigger than his own candidacy. He said that if he loses to Bush, he doubts that he will run again. "There's a time for everybody to do something, and this might be the right time for me," he explained. "I'm fifty-seven, I'm not a young kid, and I didn't plan on starting a political career, so this is probably the time that I will or that's that." But what if McBride does beat Bush? He didn't want to answer the question much beyond what he would do as governor. But if McBride were to win this November, he wouldn't just be Florida's new governor. He would be the man who beat a Bush, who exorcised the demons of the 2000 presidential campaign, and who gave the Democratic presidential nominee a huge leg up going into the 2004 race. McBride would be a bright, new political star. In other words, Bill McBride would just be getting started. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Attempts to Astonish

In 1964 I traveled around Europe for three months (courtesy of the Ford Foundation) talking to film people, especially directors. I often asked them about their favorite contemporary directors, and the name that recurred most frequently was Jean-Luc Godard. Filmmakers in both Eastern and Western Europe had seen the first four or five features in Godard's early flood and felt that his innovations, his purposeful disregard of rules, had energized their imaginations and given them an impetus to freedom. This liberating and certifying arousal for his profession seems to me one of Godard's signal achievements.

Time, however, has altered his heterodoxy. Because it is now generally predictable, it has itself become an orthodoxy. To see a latter-day Godard work is to expect fractures: he will once again ignore protocols of narrative structure and of cinematic technique. By and large, he has become good old revolutionary Godard.

His latest film to reach us, **In Praise of Love** (Manhattan), affirms this wistful fact. (Several of his recent pictures have not been released here.) Its effect is the precise opposite of his early films. Those early ones upset me, healthily; this recent one is, in many regards, more of the same. Godard's disregard of continuity, of character exploration, of flow, are all there. No surprises in method or intent. This new picture would have been more rewarding if it had found some new irruptions—or if it had even been more conventional.

Much of the film was made in Paris, the first time Godard has worked there in many years. (He lives in Switzerland.) The narratives, once again, are not the real reasons for the film's existence: they serve as a gallery wall on which camera views and verbal statements can be tacked. There are two principal story strands. A composer is searching out materials for a cantata on Simone Weil; some American film people want to buy the rights to the autobiographies of an old Breton couple who were in the Resistance during World War II. The first strand provides the chance for much would-be profundity on the subjects of love and time. The second is sprinkled with filmic references, including a snatch of a song from Vigo's *L'Atalante*, quotations from Bresson's *Notes on Cinematography*, and references to Henri Langlois, the founder of the Cinémathèque Française, and to Iris Barry, the first curator of the film library of New York's Museum of Modern Art.

These, and others, are some of Godard's valuables on display. But he also uses the film-making strand to slash at America's infiltration of the world's dreams through American film. Steven Spielberg is Godard's favorite monster, but he even slaps Julia Roberts. The justice of these attacks is not really an issue: there is no intrinsic reason why Godard shouldn't strike at the cinematic form of what has been called "Coca-Colonization." My objection is that by now it is almost like hearing a tape replayed, like hearing yet another of Gore Vidal's diatribes about puritan Protestant America.

The critical responses to this new film have generally been rhapsodic, but in those responses I have read nothing about the elements of the film that kept me aloof, unmoved. A few further instances. The first hour of the picture was shot in black-and-white on the usual film stock; the last half-hour, which takes place two years earlier, was shot in color on videotape. The cinematography of both sections has evoked ecstasies. The dithyrambs about the black-and-white portion apparently come from those who ignore, say, Conrad L. Hall's work in *Road to Perdition*; the color section is a long lurid slide down from, say, Jean Yves Escoffier's work in *Possession*. Godard certainly evokes loyalty, even a kind of loyal blindness, in some of his enthusiasts.

That loyalty mutes mention of the fact that the film is—yet again for Godard—mostly composed of quite brief scenes and that those scenes are themselves often interrupted by moments of sheer black, which is sometimes adorned by a few words in French (often "*de l'amour*"). The reason for these interruptions and inserts seems to be merely to assure Godardians that the master has not succumbed to convention. But his method makes the film visually staccato. No sequence gets the chance to be involving—except one. When we are in Breton, two small girls in Breton costume come to the door of a house and ask the residents to sign a petition urging that *The Matrix* be dubbed in the Breton language. This is not only funny, it crystallizes a lot of what Godard has gone on and on about.

I have seen *In Praise of Love* twice, to tune in once again to Godardian individuality. Each time I left feeling little more than respect: for his iconoclasm and for his belief that cinema is the most important function of the human race. But in terms of contribution to cinematic art, his new film adds very little to what he has already given us.

Another new film seems almost to have been made expressly to irritate Godard. And it's French. **Children of the Century** (Empire) is about the love affair of two geniuses, and the whole picture is a large chunk of upholstered movieness. (Like Truffaut, Godard rarely objected to good hard professionalism. It was fabricated artiness that bothered him.) There is hardly a strophe in *Children*, either in the story or in the filming, that smacks of truth, that does more than plead for our astonishment.

The geniuses are George Sand and Alfred de Musset. To begin with, Diane Kurys, the director and co-writer, has ignored the fact that geniuses are extraordinary as artists, but otherwise they are not necessarily more interesting than other people. Of course this pair, who met in 1833, were arch-denizens of the Romantic era, and, far from bourgeois routine, they feverishly lived up to the roles that they saw for themselves. But they were hardly the only ones to do so—the amorous lives of Balzac and Maupassant, for instance, were hardly humdrum; and Kurys never shows why, of all the period's volatile romantic lives, Sand and Musset are worth particular attention. Soon after the film begins, we know we are going to be served up lots of passionate unions and stormy quarrels, with an embroidery of scenes in which the two writers scratch away with pens. (Actually we get more of the scratching with Sand than with Musset. This was wry to me because my small experience of Sand's work has not been rewarding, and I think that several of Musset's plays are treasures.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Paris and in Venice the tempestuous ballet whirls on, scene after steamy scene lengthening the film without deepening it. Kurys of course includes Musset's bordello episodes and Sand's affair with a Venetian doctor, but we can only wonder what in any of these carefully heated episodes is supposed to fascinate us. Even the period possibilities of the film are not well exploited. The costumes and the cinematography are quite unexceptional, and the score, supposedly sweeping, is obstreperous. My chief entertainment was in imagining what Godard would think of the whole synthetic enterprise.

Benoît Magimel labors to be dashing and devilish as Musset. Juliette Binoche, who has done some exceptionally good acting in recent years (*The Widow of St. Pierre*, for instance), is strapped here to the emotional mummery of Sand. It is probably finicky to note that Binoche is much more beautiful than any picture I have seen of Sand: romance is romance, I suppose. (Incidentally, Godard takes a crack at Binoche, too, in his film.) ■

Passing the Buck

By DANIEL J. KEVLES

Scientists, Business, and the State, 1890–1960
by Patrick J. McGrath

(University of North Carolina Press, 248 pp., $39.95)

Science, Money, and Politics: Political Triumph and Ethical Erosion
by Daniel S. Greenberg

(University of Chicago Press, 528 pp., $35)

I.

IN THE 1940s, scientists in the United States gained unprecedented access to federal money and federal policy-making, especially in the area of national security. During World War II, they were mobilized from the campuses under the civilian Office of Scientific Research and Development to develop microwave radar, solid fuel rockets, and myriad other devices of war. A number of them eventually moved out of OSRD into the Manhattan Project to make the atomic bomb. If the military or the public had any questions about the indispensability of science to national defense, such doubts were incinerated at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The experience of the war and the looming Soviet threat sparked a dramatic transformation in the peacetime relationship of academic science and the federal government. Before 1940, Washington supported a diverse array of civilian and military research programs, but for the most part—agriculture was a notable exception—federally sponsored research was carried out in federal laboratories rather than through grants or contracts to academic scientists. Shortly after the war, by contrast, Congress authorized broad-ranging support to universities, especially through the new Atomic Energy Commission and the high-technology military agencies, for the production of cutting-edge research and trained technical manpower.

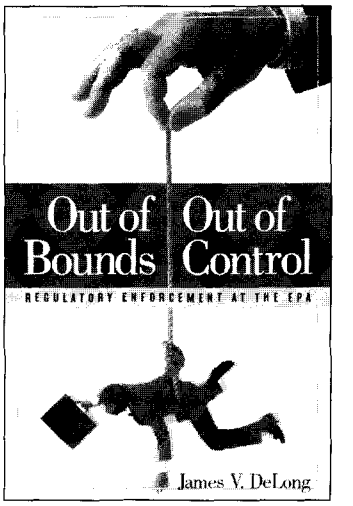
These ties between science and the state were forged in no small part by the scientists and the engineers who had played crucial roles in the wartime mobilization. Many were enlisted by both the military and the AEC as advisers on federal policy for research and development, nuclear weaponry, and the melding of high-technology weapons with military strategy.

DANIEL J. KEVLES teaches history at Yale University. He is the author of *The Physicists* (Random House) and *Inventing America: A History of the United States* (W.W. Norton).

CATO INSTITUTE

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

CIVIL SOCIETY • INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY
FREE MARKETS • LIMITED GOVERNMENT



Out of Bounds, Out of Control: Regulatory Enforcement at the EPA
James V. DeLong

The fundamental question about the Environmental Protection Agency's enforcement efforts is whether or not they comply with the rule of law. James DeLong says they do not. He finds instead that the EPA allows politics rather than science to dictate its enforcement agenda. The EPA has used its broad discretion to act as lawmaker, interpreter, prosecutor, judge, jury, and executioner. This book should frighten all who believe in the democratic process. 111 pp.
Paper $8.95 ISBN 1-930865-29-5
Cloth $16.95 ISBN 1-930865-30-9

Available at bookstores nationwide. To order call 1-800-767-1241 or visit www.cato.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their contributions to victory gave them leverage in postwar policy-making, but they brought to their task, as Patrick J. McGrath contends, a vision of the relationship between technical expertise and the American polity that went back to the late nineteenth century. In his new book McGrath explores the crystallization of that vision in the private industrial context of the early twentieth century, and its integration at mid-century into the national security arrangements of the federal government. He has mined the historical scholarship bearing on his subject, examined an array of primary materials (including several manuscript collections), and emerged with a dark judgment. Ultimately, he argues, the ideas and the strategies "that made scientists partners with the powerful also led to their abject humiliation and to the rise of a militaristic conception not only of American science but also of American political culture."

MCGRATH HOLDS THAT this vision of science for the public good was embedded in, and helped to forge, the broad political culture that took shape in the United States early in the twentieth century in response to both the bright prospects and the sharp antagonisms of industrialization. Its advocates—scientists, corporate executives, social analysts—placed great hopes on the use of experts, touting them for the alleged objectivity and disinterestedness that they would bring to issues of public import. In the general claim of the era, the experts would equip the polity with material abundance and guide it in the pursuit of a public interest that transcended class and social conflict.

Ample reasons for such optimism abounded in the early twentieth century, with its spreading marvels of electric lights and streetcars, moving pictures, radio, and telephones. And more was predicted to come from companies such as ATT, which had established a major corporate research laboratory and, in 1915, achieved the first transcontinental telephone connection. ATT officials seized upon that feat to say that the company was an engine of beneficial social and cultural change, binding the country closer together. Indeed, it came to be said that with science the nation's material possibilities were no longer limited by the finiteness of the land and constrained by the disappearance of the frontier. With science they were boundless, capable of providing abundance for all.

McGrath notes that corporations friendly to science offered scientists new opportunities for professional advancement and public standing. The head of what in 1924 became the Bell Telephone Laboratories of ATT predicted that technical graduates would be the corporate executives of the future and might even play a role in political life, not primarily as possessors of power but as disinterested contributors to the creation of social controls over their creations. Such thinking was tantalizing and seductive among reformers of a New Nationalist stripe, including Walter Lippmann, who in *Drift and Mastery* in 1914 touted the impartiality of scientific thinking and applauded the managers of the trusts as men who were not profiteers but eager to deal rationally with reality. In the 1920s, science was popularly celebrated as a fount of prosperity, and various organizations—for example, the National Civic Federation and the National Bureau of Economic Research—held that by gathering data and applying scientific thinking they would find ways to harmonize the interests of business and labor.

Such expectations were advanced in the 1930s—when social critics indicted science for, among other things, producing technological unemployment—by the new generation of scientists and engineers then emerging among the public leadership of the American technical community. Prominent among them were James B. Conant, the president of Harvard; Karl Compton, the president of MIT; and Vannevar Bush, who had been Compton's trusted ally at MIT before becoming president of the Carnegie Institution in Washington in 1939. Products of the rapidly tightening linkages between industry and academic science, these men, like their predecessors, were conservatives, but in the midst of the Depression they were willing to entertain the prospect of state intervention in the economy and eager to supply the government with disinterested advice toward the achievement of that end.

Compton's chief advice, delivered to the Roosevelt administration through a Science Advisory Board, was that the expansion of the frontier of knowledge required help from Washington, and without political strings. Even if they were federally funded, American scientists had to be allowed the freedom to choose their subjects and to pursue them as they wished. The social payoff of the new knowledge would be new technology, then new industries and new jobs. Compton got nowhere with the administration, partly because he was an anti–New Dealer, partly because the government was unwilling to grant scientists the autonomy that they claimed, and partly because his program represented a trickle-down approach to economic recovery. While the new jobs would appear in the long run, people eat in the short run and were in need of immediate aid.

WORLD WAR II and the Cold War gave scientists such as Bush, Compton, and Conant, all of whom played decisive roles in the wartime mobilization of science, the opportunity to have things both ways: to obtain federal preferment under conditions of relative autonomy. As McGrath sees it, they brought to their task the attitudes of scientists in corporate culture—a willingness to cooperate with power, to demonstrate their practicality to the state, to join in a partnership with elites like themselves, notably the military, in disinterested pursuit of what they expected to be an overarching, politically neutral public good. McGrath is original in attempting to find in these attitudes—and in the behavior that they fostered—reasons for the increasing militarization of science and American society.

That such a militarization occurred—at least in the physical sciences and in engineering—seems indisputable on budgetary grounds. In much of the postwar decade, the military and the AEC, a civilian agency that was heavily oriented to the military's needs, provided between 80 percent and 90 percent or more of federal funds for academic science, dwarfing the share in the enterprise of the National Science Foundation, which was established in 1950 mainly to support basic research and training. The Office of Naval Research, whose support ran the gamut from the physical sciences and engineering to the life sciences, by itself provided three out of four federal dollars spent for academic research. But the budgets do not tell the whole story. Many branches of science and engineering were enlisted in the drive to create more powerful weapons systems, notably the hydrogen bomb and intercontinental ballistic missiles.

McGrath hangs too much responsibility for this outcome on the alleged corporate political culture of the scientists engaged in policy-making. Most of them had spent their pre-war lives in academia. Some, like Bush, had close ties with industrial corporations; but most had few such ties if any, or served mainly as consultants. More important, McGrath's approach is for the most part metapolitical, abstracted from the circumstances and the details of events. Perhaps that is just as well: in one of his few ventures into concrete decision-making, he examines Bush's initial reluctance to press ahead with building an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

atomic bomb, contrasting his cost-conscious conservative (that is, corporate-like) thinking against the increasingly urgent urgings of other distinguished scientists. Never mind that Bush had to worry about whether industrial and technical resources ought to be diverted into work on an uncertain technology. Never mind whether physicists, then a scarce commodity, ought to be assigned away from work on microwave radar, already decisively significant in the war effort, to do research on a nuclear weapon that might not be ready in time for use in the conflict.

The key issue, which McGrath also misses, was the size of the critical mass: the amount of uranium needed to form an explosive bomb core. Early estimates put the quantity on the order of tons, far too much to be practical as a weapon. In the summer of 1941, however, Bush learned officially from the British that a nuclear weapon could be made with merely ten to twelve kilograms of uranium-235, an isotope that comprises fewer than one in one hundred parts of natural uranium. Determining that enough of the isotope could likely be separated from the natural ore, he quickly sought and obtained the president's approval for an intensive determination of whether the bomb could be built.

BUSH SOUGHT TO shape postwar policy for research through *Science—The Endless Frontier*, his celebrated report to the president in 1945. Produced by several committees of like-minded scientists and engineers, the document insisted that the nation's prosperity, health, and—now—security lay with sustained explorations of the boundless territory of new knowledge; and that these inquiries merited federal support that could be made available in ways that preserved the intellectual freedom and the autonomy of those receiving it. But McGrath finds Bush's *Modern Arms and Free Men* (1949) far more revealing of the type of partnership with business and government—"an unselfish alliance among men who place the stability of the republic above their secondary differences"—that policy-making scientists envisioned for the postwar era.

Bush expected that the alliance would operate in conformity with public opinion. McGrath deems Bush's expression of reverence for that opinion "false and shameless," given his participation in the "secret ... decision-making process" that governed wartime atomic affairs. It is a strange condemnation: the development and the use of the bomb in the middle of a world war could hardly have been subjected to a popular referendum. Still, McGrath's criticism of the propensities among scientists participating in postwar decision-making for military technology is surely plausible. They were secretive, elitist, resistant to outside dissent, ready (like Conant) to exclude those of suspect loyalty from academic institutions, and lacking much willingness to challenge dominant authority. They bargained for some perquisites of power and control of state resources, agreeing in return to behave as "an unoffensive ruling elite" that would provide national security and consumer goods.

True enough, for the most part during the first postwar decade the scientists engaged in national security policy-making conducted their business in camera; but as McGrath acknowledges, some did try to halt the bigger-bomb juggernaut, notably in 1949, when J. Robert Oppenheimer and his fellow advisers to the AEC sought to dissuade the government from proceeding with a crash program to develop the Super, a hydrogen bomb. McGrath takes their failure as momentous, a merciless declaration that the only limits on what they created were "military appetites."

Yet the issue did not pit scientists against the military. It pitted scientists such as Oppenheimer, who recognized that nobody knew how to build a Super in 1949 and judged that the world might advantageously agree not to learn how, against scientists such as Edward Teller, who rejected such considerations out of hand. Besides, at the same time that the dissenting scientists tried to block the Super, all of them, including Oppenheimer, urged the strengthening of the nation's nuclear arsenal, partly with the development of more powerful atomic bombs. And when, in the spring of 1951, Teller and Stanley Ulam figured out how to make a hydrogen bomb, there were no objections to proceeding with the chilling weapon from Oppenheimer or any of the other dissenters of 1949. The Ulam-Teller idea was technically "too sweet" to pass up, Oppenheimer said later. And by that time the United States was deep into the Korean War, a geopolitical event that was almost a year old, and that hardened American attitudes toward the Soviet Union—and that does not make it into McGrath's index.

Oppenheimer was nevertheless hauled up on security charges in 1954, partly because he had initially opposed the hydrogen bomb program, partly because he had run afoul of Lewis Strauss, the chairman of the AEC, whom he had once publicly ridiculed. McGrath, who has delved into Strauss's correspondence, convincingly calls Strauss's hostility to Oppenheimer "fanatical." He counted Oppenheimer suspect because of his previous left-wing associations and dangerous because he had begun calling for public debate about the nation's nuclear weapons policies.

Following an investigation that was a travesty of fairness and due process, the AEC upheld the denial of Oppenheimer's security clearance, and relatively few scientists (Bush among them) publicly protested. In McGrath's view, the rest kept quiet because they were ready "to appease their attackers" and to ratify the political system "that provided so many rewards." They thus left themselves "no viable ground in the public realm from which to resist the triumph of scientific militarism," McGrath argues. But had they gone public, might the trend to such militarism have been halted, or even retarded? Probably not. The elitist political culture of the scientists was not so much responsible for the arms race as was the powerful Cold War consensus that pervaded American society and found robust expression in the Congress and the White House. Moreover, it was a consensus that much of the scientific community embraced.

II.

EVEN SO, BY the late 1950s a large number of scientists outside the arms establishment and a growing number of those within it were publicly arguing for a halt to the arms race by means of a comprehensive test-ban treaty. The test ban movement signaled the beginning of arms policy debates conducted in public. Such debates, with scientists and engineers openly arrayed on all sides, would become the norm by the mid-1960s. Still, the political openness notwithstanding, the disproportionately large military influence in research in the physical sciences and engineering continued; and proposals for innovative new weapons systems continued emerging from the laboratories. What ended the arms race with the Soviet Union was the end of the Cold War, not the American version of *glasnost* in national security policy.

McGrath, indulging in obiter dicta, holds that scientists' call in 1945 for research funding in peacetime was "not an end in itself but a means toward the larger goal of enhancing their institutional and cultural status." While genuinely concerned with the larger public good, the scientific community surely had a material interest in obtaining support for research and training as an end in and of itself. Indeed, in Daniel S. Greenberg's view, that end eventually became all-consuming. "More money for more science," Greenberg

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asserts, "is the commanding passion of the politics of science."

While attending to the aftermath of World War II, Greenberg's vigorous book deals in the main with the last quarter of the twentieth century. Thematically organized, it is centrally concerned with the ways that the American scientific community has expressed its putative passion and the means that it has used to satisfy it. Greenberg is the founder—and was until recently the editor—of the weekly newsletter *Science and Government Report*. Like the newsletter, the book is largely an inside-the-Beltway affair. Its author brings to it knowledge from numerous scholarly works and government documents, including reports, hearings, and budgetary tables, as well as his investigative reporting over many years on the politics of science in Washington.

The American public has entrusted scientists with generous resources and independence, and Greenberg is convinced that the scientists have indulged in a "misuse of that confidence." In pursuit of the point, he follows the money. He is unconcerned with what budgets for research and development (R&D) reveal about science policy or with the impact of the spending on the substance of science (other than to say that the scientific community has used its power "well to produce knowledge"). He deploys the numbers abundantly to contrast the prosperity of science against the periodic complaints of many of its leaders that it is dangerously underfunded. He is snidely contemptuous of the politicos of science, indicting them, often with good reason, for hypocrisy, misrepresentation, and unwarranted doomsaying. This is on the whole an informative and provocative book. It includes riveting material from Greenberg's conversations with Washington insiders, among them several presidential scientific advisers. And it advances several arresting themes about the interplay among the subjects of its title.

In the twenty years after 1947, the federal R&D budget skyrocketed to $16.5 billion, almost a twenty-seven-fold increase. By 1968, following substantial increases in expenditures for space and health, the military share had declined to slightly less than half of that figure. Federal support of basic research and training in universities came with few strings; scientists of the day recalled that they enjoyed considerable freedom in their choice of research topics. Prompted by the shock of Sputnik, President Eisenhower had established the post of Presidential Science Adviser together with a President's Science Advisory Committee, its membership comprising largely physicists, chemists, and engineers from academia.

But around the end of the 1960s, a sea change came over federal science policy. Congress felt a need to rein in the burgeoning R&D budget. Opposition also came from many people on the left who identified the physical sciences and engineering with the Vietnam War, and from people on the right who resented the dissents of many scientists, including a number at MIT, against the war and against Richard Nixon's proposed anti-ballistic missile defense. Among the chilling items in Greenberg's book is Nixon science adviser Edward David's account of Nixon's declaring that he wanted federal support for MIT cut off. David told Greenberg: "I said, Mr. President, you've got to recognize that MIT is one of the most important contributors to the defense of this country ... all of the inertial guidance for our missiles comes out of MIT. You don't really want to do that, do you?" Nixon continued to insist that he wanted the funding at MIT terminated. Back in his office, David called Nixon's assistant John Ehrlichman, who told him: "Don't do anything. A week from now he will have forgotten that he said it."

Greenberg further illuminates Nixon's politics of science with material from the Nixon tapes. When in June 1971 David balked at a presidential instruction to spend R&D money in California to help prepare the ground for the elections the following year, Nixon remarked to Ehrlichman: "I want the money spent, and he [David] knows that.... Don't let me hear any argument. Their only argument is that we're going to lose the support of the scientific community. We will never have their support." And Nixon's anger extended to his own science advisory committee. David recalled to Greenberg the president's staff telling him to "get all those Democrats out of there." Eventually Nixon got the entire cadre of academic advisers out of the White House when in 1973 he abolished the President's Science Advisory Committee altogether.

Between 1967 and 1973, in dollars adjusted for inflation, the federal R&D budget declined by 18 percent, and the amount of it that went to academia also fell significantly. Greenberg contends that the drop was insignificant because, taking into account contributions from state and local government as well as from philanthropy and the universities themselves, the total (in the same dollars) increased in roughly the same period from $7.8 billion to $8.1 billion. But an increase of less than 4 percent in six years hardly counts for much, given the increasing size of the research community, the high inflation rate in academic research, and the greater emphasis by the granting agencies on practical relevance in the research that they were willing to support.

The R&D downturn ended in the middle of the Carter administration with the renewed defense buildup and the mounting concerns that the United States might be falling behind Japan and Europe in the markets for high-technology goods. During the Reagan years, enriched by the Strategic Defense Initiative, the R&D budget mushroomed, surpassing in inflation-adjusted dollars the budgetary peak of the late 1960s. At the end of Reagan's presidency, the military fraction of it reached 62 percent. In 1976, Congress had re-established a presidential science advisory apparatus, and Reagan staffed it with able experts. Most thought that Star Wars would not work, but the president ignored their advice, preferring the analysis of Edward Teller, a zealous advocate of the program. After an advisory meeting, a high-ranking scientist recalled to Greenberg, Teller "would trot across and walk into the president's office" and give Reagan his own view, even though it was a minority.

The growth in the federal R&D budget slowed significantly in response to the end of the Cold War and the recession of the early 1990s. The priority now given to domestic economic growth and international economic competitiveness translated in federal policy-making for R&D into an emphasis on practical payoffs. That shift infiltrated the programs of the NSF and helped doom the Superconducting Super Collider, the multibillion-dollar particle accelerator whose construction was under way in Waxahachie, Texas. In the political economy of big-science projects, the space station was sustained. In a conversation with Greenberg, John Gibbons, Clinton's science adviser, explained the outcome. While the president understood that the station could not be justified on grounds of science or technology, he was reluctant to terminate it because it would heavily affect regions of the country that were already bearing the costs of the defense build-down and were politically important. Clinton told Gibbons that "these folks are headed toward a really rough economic time, not because the marketplace is doing it, but because global events are doing it."

The post–Cold War downturn and shift prompted considerable fretting on the part of many leading scientists, and consider-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able nostalgia for good times seemingly gone. Some of them invoked *Science—The Endless Frontier*, Vannevar Bush's 1945 report, as though it was a "holy book," Greenberg says, finding in it a clarion call for a federal commitment to basic research through the NSF. In fact, Bush's vision for the NSF included militarily and medically related research, a point that Greenberg stresses. Although he overlooks the significance of Bush's report in mobilizing support behind the principle of federal support for academic science, he rightly disparages its celebrants in the early 1990s for indulging in a kind of self-serving mythmaking.

Greenberg notes that whenever the nation's scientific leadership has felt its budgets threatened, it has tended to lament the passing of a "Golden Age"—from the perspective of the 1970s, the golden age extended from 1945 to the late 1960s; from the perspective of the early 1990s, it extended through the Reagan years. Greenberg mocks all these laments, pointing out that the long-term budgetary trend for research and development has been upward, and that the number of scientific papers published in all fields jumped some 40 percent between 1973 and 1991. Frank Press, Jimmy Carter's science adviser, once observed that, measured by the output of discoveries in science and engineering, the entire period since World War II was a Golden Age.

III.

AMERICAN SCIENCE IS capable of high productivity even at times of budgetary stress because it is elitist in structure. Progress depends on a disproportionately small fraction of the community, and the federal grant system tends to distribute its largesse to these more productive scientists, who tend to be concentrated at the nation's better universities. They receive the lion's share of the federal research dollars and they lose out less when times are hard. Guy Stever, President Ford's science adviser, once remarked to Greenberg: "I guarantee you, if somebody really had complete control of the quality of our system, and could cut out everything at the low level, we could survive beautifully on less money."

But American science is more than a knowledge-production machine. It is a sprawling economic enterprise of institutions, employees, and students. The federal R&D budget may increase over the long term, but its institutions have to maintain themselves in the short term. In budgetarily straitened times, the doomsaying that Greenberg justifiably disparages has arisen far more from the threat to the institutional and labor interests of American science than it has from any real jeopardy to the vitality of research.

Even in flush times, some advocates have sought to advance the interests of science by misrepresentation. Greenberg examines in detail a report from the NSF, published in 1989, predicting that the United States was headed for a "shortfall" of 675,000 undergraduate recipients of science and engineering degrees by 2010. The prediction had nothing to do with demand for the graduates, only with a reduction in the rate at which they were being produced. Circulated by the press, "shortfall" was widely taken to mean "shortage," an impression that the authors of the report did little to discourage until they were called on the point in 1992 by a Congressman who angrily accused the NSF of manufacturing a crisis to increase its budget.

THE POST–COLD WAR recession had hardly ended before the elections of 1994 produced a Congress controlled by Republicans who were bent on reducing the scope of the federal government. Many had little if any appreciation of the importance to the American economy of federal investment in American science. Proclaiming a 30 percent reduction in discretionary spending, Newt Gingrich and his allies announced that federal science was in for broad cuts across the board. They also advocated the abolition of several agencies, even the venerable U.S. Geological Survey. Scientists, joined by allies from industry, descended on Washington to warn the new Republicans that they were killing the goose that laid the high-tech economy's golden eggs. In the end, the scientists prevailed, aided by a number of Democrats and by Clinton's successful strategy of playing budgetary chicken against Gingrich.

Long before the attempted Gingrich revolution, the scientific community had turned to lobbying on behalf of its budgetary interests. During the Reagan years, a spokesman for the Office of Management and Budget had observed that scientists are "the quintessential special interest group, and in effect, they make the oil industry look like a piker." The lobbying intensified in the 1990s, perhaps in response to the election that produced the 104th Congress. In 1998, more than 800 of the 3,759 registered lobbying groups listed "science" as an activity.

Greenberg points out that the lobbying for federal dollars falls into two categories: campaigns to raise the level of appropriations for particular sectors of research such as medicine, and campaigns by individual universities for funds earmarked to support the construction of campus buildings or research programs. The latter activity, he writes, constitutes a "major Washington industry" that between 1980 and 1996 spent $5.1 billion, increasing its annual expenditures some twentyfold. In 1999, earmarks totaled almost $800 million, a relatively small proportion of the billions appropriated for R&D but not insignificant for the recipient institutions that fall below the top tier. The nation's leading universities castigate earmarking as a substitution of political preferment for judgments of scientific merit; but as Greenberg reports, a number of them indulge in the practice, too.

HELPING THE LOBBYING along in the late 1990s was the identification of science with the prosperity of the biotechnology, telecommunications, and dot-com boom. Gingrich himself, now a convert, urged a doubling in the R&D budget over eight years. Between 1994 and 2000, the federal R&D budget rose by some 12 percent, reaching almost $80 billion, and in constant dollars the budget for basic research increased 16 percent. Health research was especially favored, with the NIH budget rising between 1990 and 1998 by 80 percent, while the overall federal budget for civilian purposes increased only 48 percent. Between 1980 and 2000, the size of the full-time faculty in medical schools nearly doubled, reaching almost one hundred thousand.

One reason for this growth was the expectation that the nation's international competitiveness would be strengthened by biotechnology, especially the instrumentation and the knowledge that the Human Genome Project was generating. Another reason was the sensitivity to health research on the part of influential members of Congress such as Senator Connie Mack, a Florida Republican and member of the NIH appropriations subcommittee, whose family was plagued by cancer and who had an episode of the disease himself. Alan Bromley, the science adviser to the first President Bush, explained to Greenberg that Congress persistently raises the NIH budget because "every member of Congress knows that sooner or later they're going to be on a stainless-steel gurney with an M.D. looking at them."

In the 1990s, academic science, richly fueled, continued to produce ever more knowledge—and ever more scientists. Greenberg says that doctoral candidates serve their "laboratory chiefs as the scientific equivalent of the stoop labor of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agriculture." Never mind that this is a gross caricature (at the very least, graduate training enlarges a student's intellectual capital): it is true that without graduate students academia's scientific teaching and research programs would operate at a drastically reduced level.

And doctoral production has been determined far more by available resources and internal university requirements than by market demand. The result in recent years has been an enlargement of the supply of advanced trainees in science beyond the capacity of the high-tech economy to absorb them. In 1995, for example, when about 305,000 science doctorates were employed, the universities graduated about 19,200 more. If they were all to find employment, the existing number of high-tech jobs would have had to expand by roughly 6 percent, an annual rate of growth far exceeding that in the national labor force in the mid-1990s.

In any case, amid the constriction of opportunities in the defense laboratories and the slowing expansion of the biotechnology industry, only a fraction of the necessary jobs were there. Greenberg reports that in the mid-1990s the unemployment rate in science approached the national rate. And such an accounting disregarded the underemployment of prolonged postdoctoral fellowships, holding positions in 1998 for 52,000 young scientists, many of them unable to find regular jobs. That year, a report by the National Research Council, a branch of the National Academy of Sciences, called for birth control in the production of life scientists, but the admonition was widely resisted.

THE GREATER THE number of scientists, the greater the need for resources. In the medical schools, for example, many faculty and most postdoctoral fellows were on "soft money," their salaries paid from grants. No grant, no salary, no job. The multiplying demand for resources exceeded even the abundant support provided by the federal government. Under the circumstances, academic science sought the patronage of industry.

Academia's cultivation of industry had been boosted by the passage of the Bayh-Dole Act in 1980, which, in the interest of fostering technological and economic development, granted universities ownership in patents arising from federally supported research and encouraged them to license the patents to private corporations. Academic science became increasingly interleaved with the commercial sector, as universities took equity positions—and faculty took both equity options and consulting positions—in start-up high-technology firms, and as the firms provided grants to university scientists for research on subjects of mutual interest. In fields such as biotechnology, microelectronics, and computers, some professors and even graduate students or postdocs got rich, and their institutions also prospered. In 1997, according to Greenberg, almost $600 million in income from patent licensing flowed to university coffers, an increase of 20 percent in just two years. That year, industrial support accounted for about 7 percent of academic research budgets.

But this trend has produced disturbing results, especially in biomedicine. The biologist Maxine Singer, the president of the Carnegie Institution in Washington and an outspoken observer of scientific affairs, remarked in 1996: "Too often these days, when scientists are given an opportunity to speak about their work, they are more interested in advancing the cause of their next grant, or their company's financial status, than in conveying information to the public.... There is too much hype." Greenberg points out that much of the science press transmits the hype to the public uncritically, indulging in what might be called "may" journalism—for example, "Gene May Promise New Route to Potent Vaccines," or "Worm Gene May Offer Key to Aging Process."

Conflicts of interest pervade academic science, especially academic biology. A chemist at UCLA has noted that "virtually every academic in biotechnology is involved in exploiting it commercially. We've lost our credentials as unbiased on such subjects as cloning or the modification of living things." According to a survey conducted in 1995, more than 25 percent of scientists in the fifty leading NIH grant-recipient universities had "relationships" with industry, and the receipt of industrial money promoted secrecy in research. In an infamous case at the University of Pennsylvania, an experiment in gene therapy killed its subject, a young man named Jesse Gelsinger. He had not been given adequate information about the risks in the experiment, and the professor supervising it had founded and had a substantial financial stake in the company that supported part of the work in his laboratory. These trends have contributed to what Greenberg calls the "ethical erosion" of American science, but he gives far less space to them than he does to exposing the doomsaying about the federal R&D budget.

Greenberg contends that lobbying for the federal dollar is by and large the scientific community's only form of contemporary political engagement. In the 1960s, the participation of scientists in open debates over arms control had led a number to involve themselves in electoral politics, with the majority of the most prominent siding with Lyndon Johnson against Barry Goldwater. In Greenberg's view, that political mobilization "added to an accumulation of ill will that cost science dearly in the presidency of Richard Nixon." He writes that Nixon's abolition of the president's science advisory committee had a chastening effect on the nation's scientific leadership, encouraging them to "humbler political behavior." They increasingly contented themselves with maneuvering for money, avoiding controversial political territory, or retreating to a comfortable "scientific ghetto."

IN TRUTH, THEY did not retreat all that rapidly. In the 1980s, some 2,300 academic scientists expressed opposition to Star Wars by declaring that they would refuse research money from the program, and more than half the members of the National Academy of Sciences signed a petition against SDI. At the same time a number of scientists called for a stepped-up federal effort against AIDS—another indicator of political engagement, even though Greenberg seeks to diminish its significance by noting that other groups, including gays, were more influential in forcing the government to change its stance on the issue.

Special issues such as the environment or AIDS continue to draw scientists into the political fray, and more recently the threat of bioterrorism and the controversy surrounding human stem-cell research have had a similar politicizing effect. But Greenberg seems on the whole correct to argue that nowadays members of the scientific community hardly participate in politics, "individually or organizationally, covertly or otherwise. Except for a small scattering of individuals, today's scientists are absent from politics and public affairs, both elective and behind the scenes."

In this regard, of course, they do not differ from their fellow citizens, many of whom have turned into paragons of political apathy. In the aftermath of the Cold War, many fewer scientists, like many fewer Americans at large, are excited by issues such as nuclear arms control. Still, there is a significant difference, as Greenberg emphasizes: unlike people in other sectors, the nation's scientific organizations do not organize political action groups even on behalf of their immediate interests. The attitudes of their memberships may be too diverse to do so, and they probably assume that learned societies ought not to sully themselves

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with politics. Whatever the case, the scientific community's quiet lobbying seems to suffice for its budgetary purposes.

Yet it certainly does not suffice for the public good, given the conflicts of interest that increasingly pervade academia, especially in biomedicine. Greenberg reports that qualms of conscience can still be detected in the biomedical world, but that the reservations about the commercial trend in academic biomedicine have not prompted significant action, let alone a move to a politics of biomedical reform. (In 1995, the National Institutes of Health had tightened the rules for disclosing potential conflicts of interest by scientists at its grantee institutions, but after poor Gelsinger's death surveys revealed that the rules were considered vague and were not uniformly enforced from one institution to another.) Perhaps an academic Enron is lurking in the wings.

Greenberg calls for a far more open politics of science, holding that the public would benefit from debate about priorities in research programs. It is true that the public might benefit, but its eyes might also glaze over in response to disputes over budgetary allocations in research. What we really need is public debate among the experts about vexing issues such as genetically modified foods (do they need to be regulated?), the patenting of human genes (does the practice serve the public interest?), and the commercial dimension of academic research (how corrupting is it?). Given its conflicts of interest, the American scientific enterprise merits greater scrutiny by the press and the political system. Now that science and technology pervade so much of our lives, it would surely improve the nation to have a scientific leadership with the public-interest engagements of Bush, Conant, and Oppenheimer, but one that is also emancipated from their generation's habit of secretive elitism and aware that the public interest may not be best served by this generation's wild enthusiasm for business. ■

The Great White Male

By ANDREW DELBANCO

Herman Melville: A Biography Volume 2, 1851–1891 by Hershel Parker

(Johns Hopkins University Press, 997 pp., $45)

IN THE SUMMER of 1850, when he was living in a rented farmhouse near Lenox, Massachusetts, Nathaniel Hawthorne joined a group of hikers on a misty August morning for a walk up Monument Mountain. The group included, among other literary luminaries, Herman Melville, and the two men, who had never before met, liked each other immediately. Four years earlier Hawthorne had favorably reviewed Melville's first book, *Typee*, about his beachcombing days in the Pacific ("we are acquainted with no work that gives a freer and more effective picture of barbarian life"); and now, within a few days of the hike, he got hold of every book Melville had written and read rapidly through them. Melville, too, turned to his new friend's work—and in the days following their meeting, he wrote a review of Hawthorne's collection of stories *Mosses from an Old Manse*. In that essay, he expressed grateful delight to the older man (Hawthorne was forty-six, Melville thirty-one), who, he said, "has dropped germinous seeds into my soul." But he also made a cautionary comment about meeting any writer whose work one admires: "On a personal interview," he wrote, "no great author has ever come up to the idea of his reader."

Since biography, at its best, is a kind of interview, this remark has a bearing on why Melville put obstacles in the way of his own future biographers. He guarded even his posthumous privacy. He wrote with special sympathy about "isolatoes" who barricade themselves against the gadding world and live alone with their demons and dreams—as when he described, in *Moby-Dick*, how Father Mapple climbs into his pulpit by means of a rope ladder, then leans over the rail "deliberately [to] drag up the ladder step by step, till the whole was deposited within, leaving him impregnable in his little Quebec." Melville withdrew, too, and spoke to the world from a fortified retreat.

He had many ways of concealing himself. He liked to tease his readers with little lies, as when, in the essay on Hawthorne, he called himself "a Virginian" and claimed that "a mountain girl . . . a charming Cherry" had given him the copy of Hawthorne's *Mosses* that fired his imagination and enlarged his own ambitions. (In fact, he was half New Yorker and half New Englander, and it was an elderly aunt who had given the book to him.) Over a lifetime of seventy-two years, Melville left only about three hundred letters, many of them perfunctory—compared with, say, the twelve thousand extant letters of Henry James. (Even the secretive Hawthorne left more than thirteen hundred letters.) As for letters received, Melville was in the habit of destroying them. His journals were brief and few, and there was no Boswell following him into the taverns to write down his table talk.

As a result, ever since the first scholarly studies appeared in the 1920s, every attempt to write Melville's life has been notable for the discrepancy between the vividness of the books that he wrote and the vagueness of the figure who appears in the books written about him. Now and then, thanks to some friend or relative who mentions him in a letter or diary, he comes fleetingly into focus: we see him eating voraciously with his brother in the beef houses of lower Manhattan, driving his sleigh in a Berkshire snowstorm, or taking his granddaughter to Madison Square Park to see the tulips and then, after sitting on a bench for a while, walking back to his house alone, having forgotten her. The problem with these fragments is that they lead only to the edge of his inner life. When he left the child and walked out of the park, was he distracted by a pleasant daydream or lost in an old man's daze? The only plausible answer to this kind of question is another question: who knows?

Until now, Melville's life has been told perforce essentially in outline. There have been elegantly economical books by, among others, Lewis Mumford, Newton Arvin, and Elizabeth Hardwick. There have also been extended psychobiographical studies speculating that Melville's sexuality was conflicted, or that he deflected his Oedipal rage from his father (a self-deceiver who died bankrupt when Herman was a boy) to tyrannical ship captains,

ANDREW DELBANCO is a fellow of the National Humanities Center, where he is writing a book called *Melville's World*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or that he was an abusive alcoholic who beat his wife and drove his children to despair.

If we know little with assurance about Melville's private life, his public life was a conspicuous and unambiguous failure. After a burst of celebrity following the publication of *Typee*—the book in which, in his twenties, he presented himself to the world as one of those whom Bellow's Mr. Sammler calls "South-loving barbarians"—he never again gave his readers what they wanted. He started to lose them at thirty with *Mardi*, a wild and windy book full of "depths," according to Hawthorne, "... that compel a man to swim for his life." And though Melville got some of his readers back with two less demanding books written with Mozartean speed in 1849, *Redburn* and *White-Jacket*, he next embarked, in 1850, on "a romance of adventure, founded upon certain wild legends in the Southern Sperm Whale Fisheries" that would break open the boundaries of prose fiction. With that work, he lost his audience for good—or at least for his lifetime.

Moby-Dick was a joyous and terrifying book, bursting with what Walker Percy has called "the happiness of the artist ... breaking through into the freedom of his art." It was not a book, as Melville wrote to a friend, for "gentle, fastidious people" who would shiver as the "Polar wind blows through it." It was filled with the stench of rotting whale carcasses, drenched in blood and boiled blubber—yet it was also lyrical and tender. It experimented with ways to represent in discursive language the ebb and flow of the unconscious, it explored the quasi-erotic excitement of killing, and it laid bare the psychodynamics of demagoguery. It was a meditation on that species of madness that, in Melville's day, was known as "monomania"—on how the mutilated Captain Ahab, in his "frantic morbidness," came to blame the unreasoning animal that had attacked him for "not only all his bodily woes, but all his intellectual and spiritual exasperations," until "all the subtle demonisms of life and thought, all evil, to crazy Ahab, were visibly personified, and made practically assailable in Moby Dick."

When he was done with Ahab—though Ahab, as the dark embodiment of Melville's forebodings, was never exactly done with him—Melville went on without pause to produce a novel that was in some ways even more daring. *Pierre, or the Ambiguities* touched on the taboo theme of incest and told the tale of a fanatic who destroys his world while trying to reform it. If the critics had responded to *Moby-Dick* with a mixture of hostility and puzzlement, this time their reaction was furious and frank. The eminent William Gilmore Simms wrote that Melville had gone "clean daft," but one New York newspaper outdid Simms—running its review under the headline "Herman Melville Crazy."

Melville managed two more novels in the 1850s—*Israel Potter* and *The Confidence-Man*—that were published on deteriorating contractual terms; but it had become clear that he had exhausted the patience of his publishers, and he was forced to retreat into magazine writing. When a Williams College student visited him in 1859, he found the forty-year-old writer "a disappointed man, soured by criticism." Melville's remaining public works were works in verse—a collection of Civil War poems called *Battle-Pieces*, published in a small edition by Harper & Bros. in 1866, followed at wide intervals by three books of poetry printed privately with the help of subventions from relatives. By the time he died in 1891, the obituary writers were surprised to learn that he had not died long ago. Among the papers found among his personal possessions was the manuscript of his valedictory masterpiece, *Billy Budd*, which remained unpublished for more than thirty years after his death.

The massive biography of Melville by Hershel Parker is an astonishing achievement. In two volumes of some two thousand large and tightly printed pages, Parker has overcome many of the obstacles that have stood, until now, in the way of a full-scale life. For more than forty years, he has searched the world—from Massachusetts to Australia—for every scrap of evidence that might illuminate any aspect of Melville's daily existence. He seems to know everything that Melville ate and drank, where he itched and scratched, how he parted his hair. He has tracked down every tidbit of gossip by and about Melville's extended (and extensive) family, so that reading this book is something like sitting up late into the night with relatives of an absent person as they chatter about the missing man's diet, his investments and debts, his travel plans, his sciatica, his taste in furniture—pretty much everything except his work, in which they have little interest except to say that no one is praising it or paying for it.

While it was a scholarly tour de force, Parker's first volume, published five years ago, was also an avalanche of undifferentiated facts that tested the devotion of even the most committed Melvillean. Having reviewed it when it first appeared, I confess that I approached the concluding installment of Parker's biography with trepidation, hoping that I would not have to choose candor over courtesy. So let it be said: especially in this second volume, Parker has given every student of Melville a great gift—an incomparable sourcebook that will be plundered for years by anyone who wants to try to correlate this great writer's life with his work.

Like the first volume, however, it must be used with caution. For one thing, Parker is amazingly certain of his own conclusions. He is sure that the third week of July in 1852 was "the last week [Melville] would ever convince himself or anyone else that he was happy." He is sure that immediately after completing *Pierre*, Melville wrote an unpublished novel (Parker implies that after failing to find a publisher, Melville burned it) inspired by a story he had heard about a sailor who disappears for thirty years, then returns to the wife for whom he has become a distant memory. He is sure that when Melville traveled by slow boat to San Francisco in 1860, he expected to find waiting for him a finished copy of a book of poems that he had entrusted in manuscript to his brother for transmission to his publishers before leaving the East. (Such a book was never published—and it is a surmise that Melville ever wrote it.) Though Parker quotes from a neighbor's lament that Melville "uses irreverent language" and "cares very little as to what others may think of him," he is somehow sure that Melville "would have had tact enough to avoid asking any questions" about a notorious murder trial in which his traveling companions had participated as prosecutor and judge. Parker even seems to know what Melville was thinking at his father-in-law's funeral, though there is no surviving record—direct or indirect—of his thoughts. In short, Parker trusts his own intuition completely, and, presenting inferences as facts, he expects his readers to trust it, too.

What he is after is what Walter Jackson Bate, in his great life of Samuel Johnson, called "the daily crawl" of life—and the first volume of Parker's book, with its density of impertinent detail, was a real crawler. The second volume, which begins in the immediate aftermath of the publication of *Moby-Dick*, can also be maddeningly slow: do we really need Parker's inconclusive musings about whether Melville read a letter on the road by daylight or waited to read it indoors by lamplight? And why does Parker refuse again to use footnotes to document his claims, and to clear away the clutter that clogs his narra-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive? As we go along in the text, must we really be told that it was from Volume 8 of the *Transactions of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers* that he learned about Melville's brother-in-law's designs for steam engines?

STILL, DESPITE THE glut of information, this is a more powerful book than its predecessor—and sometimes it is downright gripping. Parker writes with such indignation at what he considers Melville's growing sense of injury that he almost seems to share it. He takes advantage of the natural acceleration as Melville slides down the decline-and-fall slope of his life, writing with great sympathy about a once-gregarious man who survives the friends of his youth and finds himself living with his memories and regrets. Perhaps the most affecting theme of the book is not quite made explicit, but it should be audible to readers who listen for it in the quoted passages of Melville's own writing. This is the deeply sad theme of Melville's slackening metaphoric power.

By the mid-1850s, Melville's family was worried not only about his physical health (he suffered from back pain, bad eyesight, and, later in life, skin infections), but also about his mental health. His wife's father, an eminent Boston jurist, agreed to finance a trip to Europe and to what was then called the "Holy Land," in the hope that sea air and the stimulation of travel would restore his son-in-law's spirits. On that trip—from the fall of 1856 to the spring of 1857—Melville kept a journal. Happily, it survives, and is in many respects a remarkable piece of writing, marked by flashes of the old brilliance by which phenomena that would be dull and inert if left to ordinary descriptive language come alive. In Alexandria, he records that Pompey's column, worn down by time and weather, looks "like a huge stick of candy after having been long sucked." "After seeing the pyramid," he writes in a phrase that lightly conveys the brutal massiveness of the stone, "all other architecture seems but pastry."

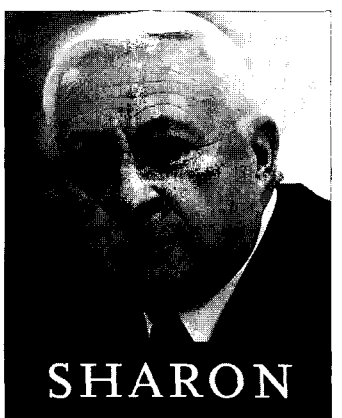
As Melville neared forty, such moments of what Parker calls "Herman's old ... intense, verbally inventive badinage" came more and more sporadically. Now and then he showed himself to be the same writer who had evoked the bitter cold of winter at sea by remarking (in *White-Jacket*) that "any man could have undergone amputation with great ease, and helped to take up the arteries himself," or who, in *Moby-Dick*, had traced Ahab's favorite harpooner to a place of origin located among "the ash-holes of the earth." By the late 1850s, however, he was losing his pleasure in word play and in the clarifying power of stretched associations. He had become a tired writer, a writer of fragments—and though years later he did retrieve and combine some material from his journal for use in his moving but uneven poem *Clarel*, most of his musings remained private and were never put to use in the animating context of a story written for readers beyond himself. Over the course of the 1850s, what happened in the inner life of the man whose outer life Parker describes was a progressive weakening of the will to create.

ANOTHER WAY TO put this is to say that after *Moby-Dick* and *Pierre*, Melville underwent what Edmund Wilson once called a "chastening" of his prose style. Wilson describes the prose of those books as "a construction of close-knit blocks that have to be surmounted one by one," each delivering a complex thought or a series of variations provoked by an image or idea. This kind of dense writing demands well-informed scrutiny if its pleasures are to be savored. When Melville remarks, for example, that a sailor wearing a cloak made of the outer skin of the whale's penis is a good "candidate for the Archbishoprick," he surrounds the pun with a cluster of sexual associations—including Queen Maachah, who appears in 1 Kings as a worshipper of phallic idols.

Melville's writing has been plausibly described as proto-modernist, but it also harks back to such allusive seventeenth-century writers as Robert Burton and Thomas Browne, whom he read with comradely delight. In its characteristic movement from describing physical realities to extrapolating moral truths from those realities, it was a kind of sermonic writing—as in the chapter of *Moby-Dick* titled "The Monkey-Rope," in which Ishmael recounts how, for the purpose of inserting the "blubber-hook" in the whale's carcass, his cannibal friend Queequeg climbs down to the dead whale floating alongside the ship while Ishmael remains on deck, the two men tied together by a canvas strip fastened belt to belt. The chapter begins as a technical description of the procedure of "breaking ground in the whale's back," but it quickly becomes a meditation on the interdependence of human beings linked together in the perilous work of living:

> So strongly and metaphysically did I conceive of my situation then ... [that] while I jerked him now and then from between the whale and the ship, which would threaten to jam him ... I saw that this situation of mine was the precise situation of every mortal that breathes; only, in most cases, he, one way or other, has this Siamese connexion with a plurality of other mortals. If your banker breaks, you snap; if your apothecary by mistake sends you poison in your pills, you die. True, you may say that, by exceeding caution, you may possibly escape these and the multitudinous other evil chances of life. But handle Queequeg's monkey-rope heedfully as I would, sometimes he jerked it so, that I came very near sliding overboard. Nor could I possibly forget that, do what I would, I only had the management of one end of it.

One of Melville's hallmarks is the chatty, self-deprecating humor that keeps this passage from slipping from mischievousness into moralism. But by the late 1850s—on the evidence of the public lectures with which he tried to re-start his career (his speeches have been reconstructed from newspaper accounts)—he was running out of the energy required for turning quotidian events into occasions for meditation. Or, more precisely, he was losing his spirit of play and turning didac-


SHARON
ISRAEL'S WARRIOR-POLITICIAN
ANITA MEIER, JORDAN MEIER & SIGALIT ZETOUNI
"... a necessary and well-written look at the career of a man who will remain at the center of the Middle Eastern turmoil." —BOOKLIST
"Many trying to understand the Israeli-Palestinian conflict will turn to this ... first English language biography of Sharon." —PUBLISHERS WEEKLY
FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER OR FROM:
ACADEMY CHICAGO PUBLISHERS
800-248-READ / FAX 312-751-7306
INFO@ACADEMYCHICAGO.COM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tic. As a lecturer, Parker points out, Melville seldom received return invitations.

The writer who had once reveled in the insolent freedom of his own associative imagination ("Give me a condor's quill! Give me Vesuvius' crater for an inkstand!") was in retreat, if not retirement. On the last day of 1863, Melville wrote to his old friend Evert Duyckinck, a leading New York editor, that he appreciated his having sent him a book for review, but "as for scribbling anything about it, tho' I would like to please you, I have not spirit enough." Among the many contributions of Parker's book is the incidental detail with which he shows us the gradual but ineluctable process by which Melville stepped back from his youthful ambition and bravado.

ALREADY BY HIS middle years, Melville cuts the figure of a superannuated man—"left behind," as Parker puts it, "by the literary world," and, by the time the nation was convulsed by civil war, "utterly out of the war effort." He seems disconnected from the great public events of his time, and Parker tries valiantly to place him in relation to them. We follow him into a field near Pittsfield where he watches the mustering of the local militia. We glimpse him on the reception line at the White House, where, during the inauguration spring of 1861, he was one of those with whom President Lincoln shook hands, "working hard at it," Melville noted, "like a man sawing wood at so much per cord." We go with him aboard a ship moored in New York harbor, where the body of the first Union naval officer to be killed in the war was laid out for public inspection.

Melville did write about the Civil War in the series of short poems that he collected in *Battle-Pieces*, and Parker helpfully details the circumstances of their composition. After reading in the Pittsfield paper about the New York City riots of July 1863—"in which," as Parker says, "Irishmen hung black men from lampposts and Irishwomen cut off their penises"—Melville composed "The House-Top," in which he imagines himself on a city roof looking down on the mob scene of race hate and carnage:

> Beneath the stars the roofy desert spreads
> Vacant as Libya. All is hushed near by.
> Yet fitfully from far breaks a mixed surf
> Of muffled sound, the Atheist roar of riot....
> The Town is taken by its rats—ship-rats
> And rats of the wharves. All civil charms
> And priestly spells which late held hearts in awe—
> Fear-bound, subjected to a better sway
> Than sway of self; these like a dream dissolve,
> And man rebounds whole aeons back in nature.

Parker is very good at showing how events that we recognize in retrospect as having large historical significance were experienced by contemporaries as small irritants. He points out that while Herman was comparing the martial law imposed by federal troops in New York to the edicts handed down by Draco in Athens more than two thousand years earlier ("Wise Draco comes, deep in the midnight roll/ Of black artillery...."), others in his family had different issues on their minds. "The war," Parker wryly remarks, "had exacerbated the servant problem." With the decline of Irish immigration and the draft of Irish laborers into the Union army (the immediate cause of the riots), it was getting hard to find good help.

PARKER'S BIOGRAPHY IS an enormously illuminating account of everything known—and not a few things surmised—about the context in which Herman Melville lived and worked. But Melville's inner life remains stubbornly in shadow. The best map that we have of Melville's soul remains his own work, which stands above and apart from what little we know of his life. Yet Parker too rarely turns to the work. He tells us, for instance, that when Melville encountered this advice in his copy of Emerson's *Essays*—"Trust men, and they will be true to you"—he wrote in the margin: "God help the poor fellow who squares his life according to this." We shall never find an objective correlative in Melville's life that explains the depth of this emotion, but in his work we can experience its profundity and its complexity.

Melville's imagination had always been populated by characters full of festering bitterness—from the sailor in *Redburn* "full of hatred and gall" who regards everyone with poisonous resentment "as if all the world was one person, and had done him some dreadful harm," to the "monomaniac" Ahab, to the odious Mr. Falsgrave in *Pierre*, who utters his hypocrisies with "the udulatoriousness of melodious sounds," and culminating in *Billy Budd* with that ultimate embodiment of motiveless malignity Mr. Claggart, the lying master-at-arms who hates Billy for his purity and his beauty. In the wary passion with which Melville writes about these monsters, there is a hint that he recognizes in them something of himself—that one of the deep purposes of his writing was to save himself, by the act of self-contemplation, from becoming too much like them.

MELVILLE IS OUR Dostoevsky. Among the major American writers, he is the darkest and the most fearsome. Emerson, who was regarded as a dangerous infidel in his time, remarked in his journal that "I hate goodies," but one can never quite shake the feeling that he was something of a goody himself. Thoreau tells us in *Walden* that he is sometimes seized by the wild desire "to gobble a woodchuck alive," but it is a good bet that he cooked his food thoroughly. With Melville, it is different. In a chilling chapter of *The Confidence-Man* titled "The Metaphysics of Indian-Hating," he writes of a "backwoodsman" who, when he was a boy, learned that his mother and siblings had been slaughtered by Indians:

> He was just entering upon manhood, when thus left in nature sole survivor of his race. Other youngsters might have turned mourner; he turned avenger. His nerves were electric wires—sensitive, but steel. He was one who, from self-possession, could be made neither to flush nor pale. It is said that when the tidings were brought him, he was ashore sitting beneath a hemlock eating his dinner of venison—and as the tidings were told him, after the first start he kept on eating, but slowly and deliberately, chewing the wild news with the wild meat, as if both together, turned to chyle, together would sinew him to his intent. From that meal he rose an Indian-hater.

Melville knew, with Aeschylus, and Shakespeare, and Dostoevsky, that the impulse to create and the impulse to destroy arise from proximate furies within the self—that, as Walker Percy writes in one of his own novels, "only the haters seem alive." But the deep sources of his anger and his anguish remain unplumbed—and no biographer could be expected fully to expose them. Quite apart from the paucity of records documenting Melville's life, Parker is up against the generic limitations of literary biography—a point made years ago by René Wellek and Austin Warren when they wrote that "a work of art may rather embody the 'dream' of an author than his actual life, or it may be the 'mask,' or the 'antiself' behind which his real person is hiding, or it may be a picture of the life from which the author wants to escape."

For Melville, writing was all these things at once—and so even his own work

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is an opaque window through which the most one can make out is his moving shadow. In the essay on Hawthorne in which he cautioned against getting personally close to a writer one admires, he wrote that

> no man can read a fine author ... without subsequently fancying to himself some ideal image of the man and his mind. And if you rightly look for it, you will almost always find that the author himself has somewhere furnished you with his own picture. For poets (whether in prose or verse), being painters of Nature, are like their brethren of the pencil, the true portrait-painters, who, in the multitude of likenesses to be sketched, do not invariably omit their own; and in all high instances, they paint them without any vanity, though, at times, with a lurking something, that would take several pages to properly define.

One is grateful for Parker's more than several pages—and it is no ingratitude to say that the "lurking something" of Melville's deepest self remains mostly unknown. ■

Brutality and brilliance in the sixteenth century.

Going for Baroque

By Ingrid D. Rowland

Four hundred years after it first shattered convention, the violent, velvet-textured art of Baroque Italy has found a newly appreciative international audience: for Caravaggio, of course, but also for long-underestimated painters such as Jusepe Ribera, Guercino, Giovanni Lanfranco, Simone Cantarini, and, certainly not least, the figure who comes closest to Caravaggio in combining a tumultuous biography with fiercely innovative painting: the Roman-born Artemisia Gentileschi, who described herself, not without reason, as "the spirit of Caesar in the soul of a woman." It is precisely her epic sensibility that makes her so much more interesting to contemporary taste than other successful women artists of the past. Unlike the stately Neoclassical histories of Angelica Kauffmann or the elegant pastel portraiture of Rosalba Carriera, Artemisia Gentileschi's paintings throb with drama: the young matron Susanna cringes naked under the leering scrutiny of two scheming elders; an elaborately bejeweled and buxom Judith saws a broadsword through the neck of the Assyrian general Holofernes, heedless of his spattering blood; the dying Cleopatra writhes under the deadly effects of snakebite. Artemisia's art, like her life, was seldom for the faint of heart.

Her father Orazio was also a painter, and he combined conspicuous success in the profession with a chaotic personal life. The elder Gentileschi was arrested once in Rome for brawling alongside Caravaggio, and the two of them were charged on another occasion with writing scurrilous poems about a rival painter, Giovanni Baglione, whose art and person exuded an unctuous piety that thrived in Rome under the Baroque papacy. Their attacks are refreshingly amusing:

> Giovanni Baggage you're not worth an "ah"
> Your pictures are sissy pictures
> I want to make sure that with them
> You never earn a cent
> Because with that much canvas
> You could make a pair of breeches
> That wouldn't even cover your ass.

Artistically, though, Orazio Gentileschi never fell completely under the sway of his talented friend. He was too much of a colorist ever to adopt Caravaggio's increasingly limited palette, reveling instead in the shimmering greens, luminous yellows, and lacquered surfaces that were the particular glory of seventeenth-century oil painting. An artist of unending versatility, Gentileschi piled up billows of blue-tinged cloud and rosily dimpled flesh with much of the same eager appreciation as his contemporary Rubens. And unlike Caravaggio, who eventually stripped away such Baroque staples as background, architecture, landscape, and color from his painting to concentrate with riveting intensity on human drama, the adaptable Orazio experimented with every kind of spectacular visual effect, often in collaboration with other artists.

Of all these collaborators, the most congenial was a short, chubby Tuscan named Agostino Tassi, who made a specialty of vertiginous architectural perspectives. These Gentileschi populated with figures, so that together they could transform a cardinal's ceiling into a portico on Mount Olympus or a vault of the Colosseum in the days of ancient Rome. Like many of Orazio Gentileschi's friends, Agostino Tassi led a life of brawls, insolvency, and casual sex. Seventeenth-century Roman police blotters track his frequent movements from one walk-up to the next, shifting between the workers' quarter of Santo Spirito near the Vatican to the artists' quarter near the Piazza del Popolo. Yet despite his unremarkable appearance and his seedy reputation, Tassi attracted women, some of whom (such as his sister-in-law) loved him loyally for decades. He was thirty-six when, in 1611, he began to pursue Artemisia Gentileschi behind her father's back. She was sixteen.

Ingrid D. Rowland is Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities at the American Academy in Rome.

Artemisia Gentileschi and the Authority of Art: Critical Reading and Catalogue Raisonné
by R. Ward Bissell
(Penn State University Press, 646 pp., $39.95)

Orazio and Artemisia Gentileschi
edited by
Keith Christiansen and Judith Mann
(Metropolitan Museum of Art, 476 pp., $75)

Artemisia Gentileschi: The Image of the Female Hero in Italian Baroque Art
by Mary D. Garrard
(Princeton University Press, 640 pp., $45)

Artemisia Gentileschi Around 1622: The Shaping and Reshaping of an Artistic Identity
by Mary D. Garrard
(University of California Press, 168 pp., $24.95)

Artemisia
by Alexandra Lapierre
translated by Liz Heron
(Grove, 448 pp., $15)

The Passion of Artemisia
by Susan Vreeland
(Viking, 328 pp., $24.95)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Orazio Gentileschi had tried to seclude Artemisia from the roughhouse atmosphere of his studio, he had also been as eager to teach her his craft as he was to teach her three brothers. She had already earned a reputation for talent as well as beauty when Tassi bribed her duenna, entered her rooms, and raped her. With promises of marriage, as she later testified, he "induced me afterwards to consent affectionately to his desires many times," a relationship cemented by drawing lessons in which Orazio must have hoped she would learn Tassi's skill at perspective.

But Tassi, as all three were horrified to learn, already had a wife: the assassins whom he had paid to kill her before he left Tuscany for Rome turned out to have pocketed their fee without doing the job. The Gentileschi, father and daughter, sued Tassi for rape: it was the best way, under the circumstances, to salvage Artemisia's reputation. But vindication did not come cheap. To validate her testimony at the trial, in March 1612, Artemisia was subjected both to a medical examination and to a torture called the *sibille*: strings progressively tightened around her fingers (which were expected to yield a truth as infallible as the Sibylline oracle). For a painter of her evident promise, the *sibille* posed a fearsome risk, and they were probably not applied for long; the trial records, preserved in the State Archive in Rome, indicate that the judges of the Governor's Criminal Court found her case believable and ruled swiftly in her favor.

Her testimony makes terrifying reading. In simple, direct language she describes how Tassi had stalked her for weeks before he finally made his move, how her greedy duenna let him into the house, how the first rape became the pretext for more and more forced intimacy. Tassi's slanderous attempts at self-defense, on the other hand, seem to have made no impression on the court. He was sentenced to a choice of banishment or five years' rowing as a galley slave (although these conditions were never enforced). Soon afterwards Artemisia married a well-born but debt-ridden young Florentine painter named Pierantonio Stiattesi and moved to Florence with him. There, in the company of luminaries such as Galileo Galilei and Michelangelo Buonarroti the Younger (the great Michelangelo's grandnephew), she entered upon a career that would have been the envy of most male contemporaries.

Like Caravaggio's brushes with murder and gutter life, Artemisia Gentileschi's rape and subsequent trial seem to be nearly impossible to separate from her work. These episodes recur in every modern discussion of her art, which—again like Caravaggio's—stands out for its violence and for its ferocious concentration. Moreover, her first large-scale painting is signed and dated 1610, when Tassi may already have been stalking her. Its subject is the biblical tale of Susanna, a respectable young woman who was ambushed at her bath by two oversexed village elders. In the end, Susanna refused to give in to them, and the conniving elders were found out and put to death. For its size and its technical proficiency alone, Artemisia Gentileschi's *Susanna and the Elders* is a remarkable feat for an artist of seventeen; but its most gripping feature by far is its psychological penetration as it ranges from the horror on Susanna's face to the elders' leering collusion.

COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Artemisia Gentileschi, *Susanna and the Elders*, 1610

This intense focus on personality distinguishes Artemisia Gentileschi's painting from that of her father, just as his work stands apart from hers for the dazzling range of its technical skill. If the father's painting is as colorfully changeable as a chameleon, the daughter at her best musters the ferocity of Caravaggio. Given that both Gentileschi were inveterate collaborators, it is almost an irresistible temptation to think that the best partner for each might have been the other.

But at the very moment when Artemisia Gentileschi was revealed as an important new painter, she hurried off to Florence, leaving her father behind in Rome. (He soon resumed his collaboration with Tassi.) Thus her own turbulent months with Tassi marked only the very beginning of her professional life, and there is every reason to believe that some of its later events would have exerted no less an effect on her work than that initiatory trauma. In Florence, she learned for the first time to read and to write. She bore four children and buried three of them. She was elected to the prestigious Florentine artists' guild, the Accademia del Disegno—the first woman to be so honored. She befriended some of the most significant intellectuals in Florentine society.

To be sure, the persecuted Susanna would become one of Artemisia Gentileschi's specialties, much as Titian was called upon to produce legions of pentitent Magdalenes and reclining Venuses. She also painted repeated images of the Hebrew widow Judith decapitating the Assyrian captain Holofernes in a spray of blood, tangled bedclothes, and stifled screams, as well as a serene Jael pounding an enormous nail into the ear of the sleeping Sisera, curled into a fetal position that would be all innocence if not for the hand that has crept suggestively under Jael's skirts. Still, as Alexandra Lapierre warns in the notes to her historical novel *Artemisia*, these unflinching portrayals of violence between men and women are also the works most likely to be ascribed to Gentileschi by modern art historians. In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fact, she often earned her living by still-life painting and portraiture. She also painted her fair share of coy Bathshebas, a far cry from Rembrandt's pensive image of the future queen, in which her physical beauty is more than equaled by her calculating intelligence.

WE HAVE NO evidence that the brave, aggressive Gentileschi was a feminist in any modern sense—any more than we have evidence of such intangibles as her religious beliefs, her relationship with her father, or the reasons why her marriage to Pierantonio Stiattesi dissolved after about a decade; we can only make educated guesses. But feminism certainly restored her to the list of Baroque masters. Her *Susanna and the Elders* was the single most spectacular revelation of a huge show in 1976 that honored women artists from a host of periods and cultures, at a time when Baroque art was only beginning to spark much widespread interest. In 1989, Mary D. Garrard published a long monograph with a feminist bent. In 1999, R. Ward Bissell, who had already written authoritatively on Orazio Gentileschi, produced *Artemisia Gentileschi and the Authority of Art*, a more traditionally art-historical study with a catalogue raisonné. Since fall 2001, a large traveling show has ranged the two Gentileschi side by side in Rome and the United States (at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the St. Louis Art Museum). Its catalogue, edited by Keith Christiansen and Judith Mann, is as large and lavish as the books by Garrard and Bissell, with essays from a distinguished international roster of Baroque scholars. So Artemisia Gentileschi has arrived. She is now a fully independent artistic personality.

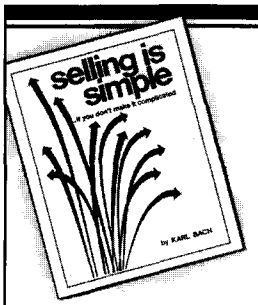
As with Caravaggio a generation before, one important task of art historians is to decide exactly what Artemisia Gentileschi did and did not paint; this is what a catalogue raisonné does, and so, in its way, does a comprehensive show. But Mary D. Garrard wrote with the aim of persuading a wide readership that Gentileschi herself merited attention, and more generally that feminist eyes would reveal new truths about her art. With its sense of freshness and its passionate argumentation, *Artemisia Gentileschi*, which appeared in 1989, is still a forceful book. The author's identification with Gentileschi already exceeded the bounds of scholarly detachment, but her willingness to test the permissible boundaries of scholarship also gave the book some of its verve. Her contention that only a woman can portray women in real psychological depth has always meant arguing that Caravaggio's magnificent *Judith Slaying Holofernes* features a heroine who is not really moved by her gory task, and ignoring paintings such as Rembrandt's gloriously penetrating *Bathsheba*, or the Neapolitan painter Andrea Vaccaro's *Susanna and the Elders* in the Capodimonte Museum in Naples, where Susanna's horror is just as cogently rendered by a male artist as it was by Gentileschi in her first great painting. But Garrard's new study, *Artemisia Gentileschi Around 1622*, exposes the earlier book's latent weaknesses by taking every one of them to a greater extreme.

Preaching to the converted now, Garrard's passionate, risky writing has taken on all the academic jargon of the past twenty years, but gendering, problematizing, foregrounding, inscribing, the Other, and canons add neither clarity nor freshness to her message. The following passage, for example, seems to be addressing the fact that Artemisia created some powerfully original paintings and some that were vapidly conventional, but it hardly furthers Garrard's stated aim to "[keep] the text direct, clear, and unencumbered so that non-specialists can follow the argument." It only sows confusion:

> Over the course of her career two contradictory forms of autobiographical presence can be detected in Artemisia's art. One continues the expansive experimentation with uncharacteristic forms of female identity, figures with whom she pointedly and sometimes proudly identifies herself through images that bespeak the artist's invisible presence. The other form ... reverses that direction to cope with the problematized identity imposed upon her, by vacating or emptying a character with whom she was or might be identified without directly countering that identification. This mode puts the artist in the work, not as an implied presence, but, more ambiguously, as both present and absent, an absent presence.

Meanwhile, the earnest advocate has developed an obtrusive self-consciousness, so that this latest book has as much to do with Garrard's own self-qualification as a feminist connoisseur as with Artemisia Gentileschi:

> The sense of excitement that fueled the writing of my earlier book could have come only from my identification as a woman, and although my enthusiasm for her achievement is by now mixed with many other perceptions, I continue to marvel at Artemisia's art ... to explore



The most important book about salesmanship ever written ...

Selling is Simple...

...if you don't make it complicated!

by Karl Bach only $19.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*

Karl Bach was a penniless and uneducated German-Jewish immigrant. He spoke very little English and, to top it off, he had a physical impediment. Not being able to get any other job, he enlisted as a Fuller Brush salesman. Within two months, he became the most productive salesman Fuller had ever had. From a standing start, he had developed irresistible sales techniques. He applied those methods and insights to the life insurance business. Within three years, he became one of the most successful life insurance producers in the US. He founded and became principal owner of the San Francisco Life Insurance Company, which eventually merged with the Philadelphia Life Insurance Company. He became a very, very wealthy man. In this book, Karl reveals his enormously successful salesmanship methods.

If you are in any area of selling, you should be able to at least quadruple your performance by reading this groundbreaking book and following its precepts. There is no reason why you shouldn't be as successful as Karl Bach -- you have so much more going for yourself than he did. We are the publishers of this book and can offer it for only **$19.95**. ***But we have an even better deal:** Buy two books for $39.90 and we will send you a third one, with our compliments -- absolutely* **FREE**! If you are in any area of sales and want to multiply your performance and your income, you owe it to yourself to buy this book. You and your family will be glad you did. Order it today!

Order directly from the publisher by toll-free phone (800) 600-2777, by fax (415) 356-7804, or by mail. Mention order code as shown at right and give Visa/MC # and expiration date, or send check for $19.95. Add $4.95 shipping/insurance, plus sales tax for CA delivery. 30 days refund/return, except for shipping/insurance.

Code: Y406

advance books
division of jomira/advance
470 Third St., #211, San Francisco, CA 94107

Order by toll-free phone: (800) 600-2777 or (fastest!) by fax: (415) 356-7804
Visit our website at www.jomirabooks.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the creative act in such a context is not celebration, it is art history.

The ways that Artemisia's identity has been and is presently being reshaped and controlled, ways that undermine her creative legacy, pose in my view a real-world danger much greater than that posed by the rarefied theoretical sin of excessively valorizing Gentileschi in a postheroic age.

By the second of these paragraphs, Garrard means that scholars as disparate as R. Ward Bissell and Griselda Pollock have subjected her previous book to criticism, and it makes her mad. Yet discussion and disagreement, in art history as in the rest of life, are usually signs of health rather than danger, and they are certainly no more objectively dangerous than an unseeing eye, a weak argument, or an unquestioned dogma. It is perfectly possible to disagree with Garrard's ideas about Gentileschi's technique and her painterly psychology without being an apologist for the patriarchy, and it is silly of Garrard to respond with such petulance. She has mistaken her scholarly role for that of a hierophant. Artemisia of all people would have told her to develop a thicker hide and get on with it.

Rebuilding Year

After Beloit I went back to the paper
and wrote arts features for eight dollars an hour,
and lived in the Gem Building, on the block between
Topeka High with its Gothic tower
and the disheveled Statehouse with its green
dome of oxidizing copper.

I was sorry that I had no view
of old First National. Something obscured it
from my inset balcony. I heard it
imploding, though, like Kansas Avenue
clearing its throat, and saw the gaudy brown
dust-edifice that went up when it came down.

Friday nights I walked to High's home games
and sat high in the bleachers,
and tried to look like a self-knowing new
student, and tried not to see my teachers,
and picked out players with familiar names
and told them what to do.

Eric McHenry

DESPITE THE WEALTH of documents attesting to Artemisia Gentileschi's activity in Rome, Florence, Naples, and London, her life and work are still tantalizingly elusive. Works as fundamental to her output as her *Allegory of Inclination* for the Casa Buonarroti in Florence and her *Self-Portrait as Painting* from Naples have been identified as self-portraits, with all that such an identification can imply, but they have just as insistently been identified as no such thing. Much of her work is still unknown—either it is lost altogether or we are looking at it without realizing it. Surviving documents such as contracts, letters, or catalogues of collections record paintings that no longer exist or have not yet been identified, and artists who have slipped into total oblivion, and patrons and critics who mistake the subject of the painting they are describing. At the same time, legions of unidentified seventeenth-century paintings stare blankly outward, waiting for recognition, some still brightly compelling, some darkened with age, some crusted with grime, some repainted by well-meaning but incompetent restorers, some stripped of their paint by harsh cleaning agents. The temptation to put illustrious names on these orphan canvases can be irresistible, and often no one will be the wiser until two works are put side by side. Moreover, although Artemisia frequently signed her paintings, signatures can be faked or wiped out, and even the signature on *Susanna and the Elders* has been called into question because its date indicates such incredible artistic precocity—and because at the time she was still classified as illiterate by the Roman courts.

It is also evident that Artemisia executed her most compelling paintings early in her career. Many of her known later works have lost their angry edge to the press of deadlines, or to the satisfactions of success, or to the sheer fatigue that accompanied every artisan who worked in order to live in the days before retirement plans and health insurance. A great gulf separates her best work from her most pedestrian work. Like Lorenzo Lotto, she is a painter of wildly inconsistent skill. The writers, the art historians, and the critics who respond to the powerful draw of her best canvases are usually hard-pressed to account for her lapses from that artistic grace, especially in the last phase of her life, which she spent in Naples dreaming about a return to Rome.

Seventeenth-century Neapolitan art is an acquired taste, with its darkness, its violence, and the lurid physicality of its Catholicism. The city's very best painters, like Ribera, Massimo Stanzione, or Luca Giordano, are expert modelers, but there is a kind of schematic crudity to much of the rest, even in the case of excellent painters such as Francesco Guarino or the Master of the Adoration of the Shepherds, in whose work brilliant reds blaze from a sea of somber browns and nearly transparent flesh tones. A good deal of Artemisia Gentileschi's late work has some of the flat quality of contemporary Spanish and Portuguese religious painting (not surprisingly when Naples was ruled by a Spanish viceroy). One notable exception is a series of panels depicting the life of the early Christian bishop Januarius, the beloved San Gennaro who was even then emerging as the dominant patron saint of Naples. These large paintings were executed by a team of artists for the cathedral of Pozzuoli, an ancient city on the Bay of Naples, now best known as the birthplace of Sophia Loren.

Until 1631, the cathedral, dedicated to San Gennaro, had been crumbling, but when prayers to the sainted bishop stopped an eruption of Vesuvius in its tracks, he quickly took over ever afterwards as the Neapolitans' favorite patron, and has proven effective time and again at the strange art of stopping lava. The citizens of Pozzuoli were quick to acknowledge his power. Reconstruction of the cathedral of San Gennaro began in 1632. Artemisia herself worked on her assigned panels with a Roman artist, Viviano Codazzi, who, like Agostino Tassi, specialized in depicting perspective. Their *San Gennaro in the Arena* takes every opportunity to thrill the Baroque eye: a majestic arena packed with spectators (its ruins are still visible in Pozzuoli today), pious Christians facing martyrdom, lions (clearly modeled on Neapolitan mastiffs) who have become suddenly kittenish (or, more accurately, puppyish) in the magisterial presence of the holy man.

Artemisia's San Gennaro is no kindly Saint Nicholas. He is a gaunt ascetic on whom his brocaded robes hang awkwardly, his forehead creased with premature wrinkles. His power is palpably the power of austere prayer rather than cheery goodwill. As with many of her Neapolitan paintings, the surface of this one has worn almost transparent; she seems to have applied her colors ever more thinly—as, in fact, did Caravaggio as his career progressed. And like the late sacred paintings of Caravaggio, it is a splendid work, although many of Gentileschi's admirers do not like it much; it is too conventionally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

religious, and it is a thoroughly collaborative work, as emphatically Codazzi's as hers. But *San Gennaro in the Arena* brings out several important aspects of Artemisia Gentileschi's artistic personality: its collaborative base, her absorption of Neapolitan aesthetics, the versatility required of all Baroque designers.

FROM THE BEGINNING of her career to its end, Artemisia, like her father before her, worked in close collaboration with other artists. Modern art history, its tradition based on monographic studies of individuals, still lacks the critical tools to make much useful sense of these arrangements, unless—as with Raphael, Bernini, or Rubens—a major artist exerts dominating influence. And however dramatic her interactions with Tassi and her father became at one point in her life, Artemisia clearly got along with expertise in a predominantly male profession, hiring apprentices of her own and establishing arrangements with painters such as Codazzi who could complement her own talents.

In this respect, as in many others, the most important influence in Artemisia Gentileschi's life must have been her father, who would have taught her not only how to paint, but how to paint in teams; although she certainly called attention to herself as a woman painter, her environment was male, in her own studio as in her larger world (although she did interact with another woman painter, Giovanna Garzoni, a specialist in still life). At the very end of his career, Orazio Gentileschi finally called on her to work with him in partnership. In 1638, Queen Henrietta Maria of England engaged the seventy-four-year-old Orazio to decorate the great hall of her pleasure palace, the Queen's House at Greenwich. The commission called for an *Allegory of Peace and the Arts under the English Crown*, including images of the nine Muses, a subject that Orazio had tackled in Rome together with Agostino Tassi at the very moment when the latter undertook his pursuit of Artemisia. For one reason or another—fatigue, curiosity, a sense of impending mortality, a recognition of his own limitations, a last-ditch hope of reconciliation, or perhaps at the command of Henrietta Maria herself—Orazio Gentileschi sent for his illustrious daughter from the chill land of the Anglican infidels, and she came.

This trip and its possible motivations guide the shape of two recent historical novels about Artemisia Gentileschi, by Alexandra Lapierre and Susan Vreeland, and give them both their poignant significance. They go about telling the story in completely different ways. Lapierre has done exhaustive and even pioneering archival research (she discovered Tassi's sentence for the rape trial). Her *Artemisia* is as long and dense as Vreeland's *The Passion of Artemisia* is spare and concise. Vreeland, who has written another novel about art, *Girl in Hyacinth Blue*, searches for moods, trying to see Rome especially with a painter's sensitivity to light and color. The facts in her story are less reliable than Lapierre's, but neither are they of the same importance to her tale, just as Janet Lewis's atmospheric novel *The Return of Martin Guerre* does not suffer by comparison with Natalie Zemon Davis's factual account of the story: both are memorable books on their own terms. Both Lapierre and Vreeland have turned to the novel as a means of writing about Artemisia Gentileschi because fiction is the only medium, if not a Verdi opera, that will allow them to sound the emotional depths of the bond between father and daughter, and conclude on a note of reconciliation after a terrible betrayal.

This fraught relationship may indeed have been the central drama in the lives of both painters, for on her return from England Artemisia Gentileschi seems to have run out of energy, both physical and creative. Later letters complain about her health, while commissions continued to pour in for the subjects in which she had excelled for decades: Susanna, Judith, and veritable legions of Bathshebas. A *Bathsheba* on temporary display at the Capodimonte Museum in Naples is typical: a bland, pasty nude among bland handmaidens, wholly unexciting except for its stunning rendering of King David's palace in Jerusalem as a Baroque wonder—but the palazzo, as so often, was painted by Codazzi.

Declining energy, of course, is hardly rare among achievers, whether they be professors, novelists, or society painters. The fact that Artemisia followed this trajectory only proves how genuinely she succeeded, by every convention of her era and ours. As a painter, she will always have to concede in the end to the ugly swashbuckler Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio, whose heroic fury was as great as hers and whose innovations were far greater. But in an age that had seen the steady erosion over centuries of women's legal rights, she managed to live out the Italian feminist motto of the 1970s: *Io sono mia*, I belong to me. ■

CORRESPONDENCE

continued from page 5

as an ongoing vehicle for war. Judt says that Syria warned Egypt of Israel's alleged war plans in 1967, while in fact it was the Soviets who informed Cairo. He states that Gamal Abdel Nasser demanded that U.N. peacekeepers withdraw from Gaza and remain on the Sinai border, when Nasser actually wanted the United Nations in Gaza and away from the border. He cites the number of Arab refugees from "the West Bank and Gaza" in 1967 as "between two hundred and three hundred thousand," when the Israeli figure was 175,000, and even the highest Arab claims never exceeded 250,000—and all from the West Bank; the numbers fleeing Gaza were negligible. He quotes Abba Eban's warning against the creation of an "ideology and rhetoric of self-worship and exclusiveness," juxtaposing it with supposed right-wing warnings of Israel's return to "Auschwitz frontiers," without mentioning who, exactly, coined the "Auschwitz frontier" phrase: Abba Eban.

Absent in this farrago of errors is any mention of Israel's prodigious achievements since 1967—the absorption of over one million refugees (mostly from the former Soviet Union), the empowerment of Jews from Islamic countries, and the maintenance of a robust democracy in the middle of a profoundly anti-democratic environment. Judt seems unwilling to acknowledge that Israel's triumph in 1967 enabled it to secure peace treaties with Egypt and Jordan—potentially with Syria and the Palestinians as well—and a strategic alliance with the United States.

Any fair and reasonable reader of my book would agree that Israel's victory in the Six Day War was the result of technical superiority and individual courage—a conclusion that Judt dismisses as "mythic." Perhaps he longs to return to the quaintly agrarian and elitist world of the '60s kibbutz. Maybe he would have preferred that Israel's victory in the Six Day War had been less than total. Clearly, though, in his "review" of my book, Judt demonstrates that when it comes to Israel today—multicultural, high-tech, and dynamic—he is anything but fair and reasonable.

MICHAEL OREN
Senior Fellow
The Shalem Center
Jerusalem, Israel ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JERUSALEM DIARIST

Normal

ISRAEL IS A NORMAL PLACE these days. You'd never get that from CNN, but it's true. The craziest thing about the conflict is that, in the midst of it all, life doesn't feel all that crazy. The streets of Jerusalem are bustling. The sun is shining, and the city is alive with action. Families are celebrating the start of a new Jewish year; children are gearing up for a new school year. Trendy yuppies are sitting in cafés sipping cappuccinos; not-so-trendy elderly folks are quietly sitting on benches watching the world go by. Taxi drivers are still nuts, storekeepers still aloof, and soul-saving beggars still aggressive. Walking down any street, you see long black suits mixing with bohemian linen tunics, tank tops and belly rings with head coverings and seamed stockings, army uniforms with youth-group T-shirts. Hebrew blends with Arabic, English, Russian, and Amharic. The place is bubbling over with variety and energy.

A FEW WEEKS AGO I MET WITH A young Israeli man in a Jerusalem café—a café protected by a guard and a newly erected gate—who asked me why it was that, of all the plans formally presented for rebuilding the World Trade Center, not one suggested that the two towers be rebuilt exactly as they once stood. His confusion was telling: For Israelis, rebuilding really means building again, re-creating that which was destroyed exactly as it once was. Not overly memorializing—nothing more than a plaque these days. Sbarro pizzeria was blown to bits; it was rebuilt and reopened in weeks. The Moment café was similarly destroyed. Three months later it reopened its doors to customers. Buses blow up; people ride them anyway. Discos blow up; people dance on. This isn't denial. It is a strategy, a means of resistance and of survival. It is the insistence upon normality in the face of chaotic abnormality, a refusal to surrender either to desperation or to utter fixation.

CONFRONTED BY ADVERSITY, THE COLlective American response is wholly different. Our temperament is obsessive, seizing. We need to hold the moment, to sanctify it, to *do* something with it. And so we are building memorial plazas and designating hallowed grounds to wrap our minds around the tragedies that have befallen us. We are establishing days of commemoration and holding formal ceremonies. We sentimentalize in order to internalize. Israelis, though, who face repeated cycles of devastation, just try to move on. They have one very important Memorial Day but no nationally observed anniversaries of specific attacks marked by flag-waving and photograph-sharing. Ours is a willed and detailed attention to our grief. Theirs is, in some sense, the opposite: a willed lack of response.

AND IT DOES TAKE EFFORT TO ESCAPE terror when it passes so close by. An Israeli masters this, in part, by pushing it away—adjusting his understanding of distance and time so that the latest bomb, though it blew up just minutes after he got off the bus, becomes in his mind not actually so close or so personal. So long as terror does not land on his doorstep, it can belong to someone else. I visited a friend who lives in the center of Jerusalem's downtown area. One block east of her tiny apartment lies Ben Yehuda Street, the site of a December 2001 double suicide bombing. A little to the west lies the Mahane Yehuda market, site of an April suicide bombing. To the south lies Emek Refaim, where a suicide bomber was nabbed in March before he could explode his bomb; and to the north lies Hanevi'im Street, which was hit in July. But since her street, the out-of-the-way Schatz Street, has not been hit, she feels safe. So safe, in fact, that she is now moving into a larger apartment in Gilo, a neighborhood that has seen periods of almost nightly shelling and a bus bombing that killed 19 in June. (Real estate there is, not surprisingly, rather cheap these days.) But it's not "*that* part" of Gilo, she tells me, displaying her idiosyncratic construction of space. Therefore there is no reason to fear.

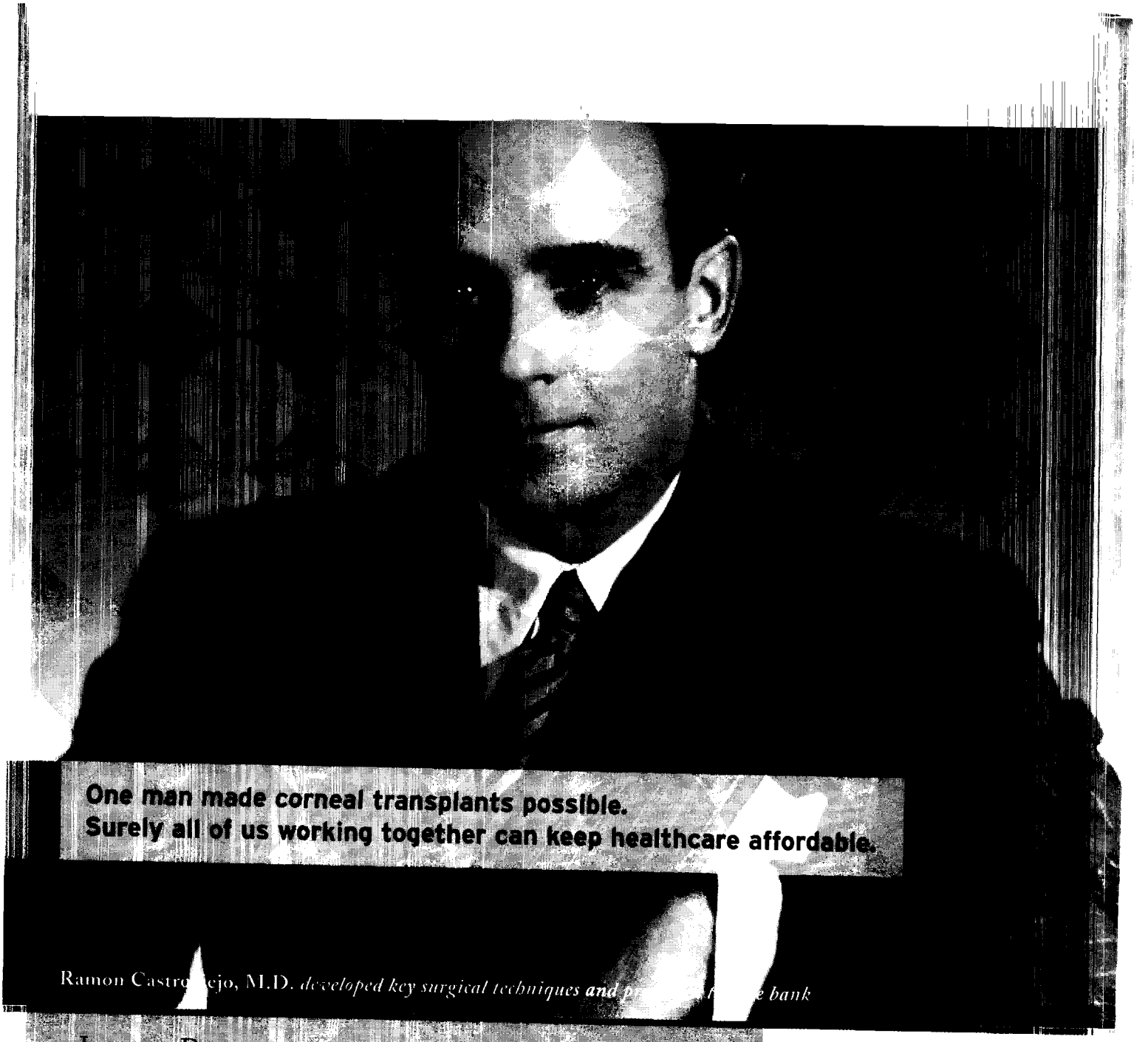
BUT OF COURSE THE TERROR IS NEVER really far away in Israel, and it never really belongs to someone else. Everyone knows someone who has been killed or at least knows someone who knows someone. And everyone knows the feeling of having come just a little too close for comfort. Last month's attack at Hebrew University, in which nine people died including four Americans, brought me into the circle. Marla Bennett, age 24, was a friend of many of my friends. And I could have been there too. I was scheduled to have lunch at the university café that week. My appointment was for Thursday, but it just as easily could have been scheduled for the day before, the day of the attack. I'm grateful, but then there is something mildly grotesque about the gratitude. Because one close call does not nearly approach the number of similarly close calls that Israelis experience in a given week. In my time in the country I tossed and turned through some sleepless nights in reflection on "the situation," as Israelis call the current climate. But then I also had the luxury of leaving. Israelis have to confront the tension day in and day out—and continue to function despite it. In the words of one Hebrew University student heading to the campus to drop off a final paper the day after the bombing, "It's like they bombed my living room." Alas, sometimes for Israelis the danger really comes just too close to push away.

I'VE BEEN BACK IN THE UNITED STATES for a few weeks now, watching the ugly conflict on television. The images on news channels—suicide bombings, shootings, air strikes—are sad and sick representations of the reality over there, but they do not encompass the whole reality. The media simply refuse to recognize the comforting drone of Israeli normalcy. Perhaps it's because the American psyche cannot make sense of a war zone that is also an ordinary home. What useful lesson, for instance, could Americans take from images of the Sbarro pizza shop bustling again, when we ourselves are trying to reorient our lives, and our policies, so utterly toward acknowledging terror? The fact that most new U.S. policies are in some way related to the war on terror is both a political and a psychological issue. It communicates the message that if we are at war, then everything we do must contribute to that war. In the words of President George W. Bush, "Our lives, our way of life, and our every hope for the world depend on a single commitment": the war on terror. Where there is war, there is *only* war. But in Israel, where there is war, there is the imperative toward a whole world outside of war.

OR MAYBE THE MEDIA'S INATTENTION is far simpler: In the United States, normalcy is simply not news. No cameraman could hope to lead the evening report with footage of average people walking down quiet streets. But we lose out as a result, because the real picture undoubtedly includes such peace. Though some Jerusalem nights might be sleepless, all nights are still filled with calm, crisp air, lulling the country to breathe deeply and prepare for the bright day that will follow, when the chaos of quotidian life will again gleefully return to the streets that know true chaos all too well.

ERIN LEIB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



One man made corneal transplants possible.
Surely all of us working together can keep healthcare affordable.

Ramon Castroviejo, M.D. *developed key surgical techniques and p[illegible] e bank*

Insurers. Drug companies. Hospitals. Physicians. Lawmakers. Employers. Consumers. We all need to work together to keep healthcare affordable. And right now, the BlueCross BlueShield system is leading the way.

We're funding research to uncover the real drivers of healthcare costs and we'll share what we learn. We've teamed up with the Washington Business Group on Health to launch the Institute for Health Care Costs and Solutions. We're working with others to support legislation so that safe, effective, lower-cost generic drugs get to market when they should.

Because the Blues collectively insure one out of four Americans, we know the size of the challenge. And we know that together, all of us can keep healthcare affordable.

To receive a copy of our research on the drivers of healthcare costs log onto www.bcbs.com.

BlueCross BlueShield Association

An Association of Independent Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For more than 30 years, the UPS Community Internship Program has taught some surprising lessons. Just ask Jim Winestock. As a rising executive, he was sent to rural Tennessee to enhance his management skills. He worked in a soup kitchen, volunteered at a police department and helped a poverty-stricken family build a home. It was a different Jim Winestock who returned to UPS a month later. One who could easily relate to all kinds of people. Not just on a professional level, but on a human one. To hear Jim tell it, that will make anybody a better manager.

WHAT CAN BROWN DO FOR YOU?™

THANKS TO A UPS TRAINING PROGRAM, JIM WINESTOCK MET SOMEONE

HE DIDN'T KNOW.

JIM WINESTOCK.

community.ups.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED